# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

22nd Year. No. 31. WILLIAM BOOTH General. TORONTO, MAY 5, 1906. THOMAS B. COOMBS, Commissioner. Price 5 Cents.

**Canada Presents Her Account to the Recording Angel.** (See page 2.)

## THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

(Can be sung to the tune: At the Cross.)

The way of the cross means sacrifice,
As to God you yield your all;
To be laid on the altar, the place of death,
Where fire will surely fall.

'Tis the way of the cross. Are you willing for this?
What does bearing the cross mean to you?
You who've given yourself—your all—to God;
To God are you wholly true?

As the voice of song and prayer we raise,
How easy to say, "We give all."
Till some rougher cross lies just before,
And sterner is duty's call.

Do you falter then, or true to death,
Just die on each cross in the way?
Till the fulness of life from the Living One
Is filling you day by day.

'Tis the place of life—for you die to live—
One with Jesus crucified;
With the life alone to be lived thro' you,
Of the risen, the glorified. —Sel.

## What They Say About Self-Denial.

**The Chief of the Staff.**

Our Self-Denial Campaign is not merely a money getting campaign. It is a call to self-sacrifice for Christ's sake, to the giving up of what is pleasant to please Him, and to the surrender of our will to His will. Penance? No!—a thousand times no! But the sweet denials which belong to love and faith.—W. Bramwell Booth.

**Mrs. Bramwell Booth.**

It is only gain to part with what we give to God, and perhaps the gain is very much in proportion to the pain of the loss. Anyway, real self-denial for God's sake brings a rich reward.—Florence E. Booth.

**Commander Evangeline Booth.**

The effort is repeated because the need is repeated. All the powers of hell are ever thrusting upon the path new works of sin and sorrow. We must be equal to the demand, and step once more to the front of the fight. The war among heathen peoples must go forward. The work in this vast land must be maintained and extended. The training of officers must be continued. Our junior operations must be redoubled. The sick and wounded officers must be assisted. Our Social efforts must be increased—the criminal coming from his cell, the poor girls on the streets, the friendless little children, and the starving out-of-works must all and each have another chance.

**Commissioner George A. Kilbey.**

If you love a dying world as a mother loves her child, this Self-Denial Week will but give you a glorious opportunity of demonstrating to heaven and earth—aye, to hell as well—that that love is no myth, but real. The whole life of a good Salvationist should be one of self-denial, selfish interests and ambitions being banished for the sake of God and man; but this is a call, for the exhibition of a more heroic, and systematic self-denial for the salvation of sinners on the spot, and the bringing into the war chests the ammunition necessary to carry on an aggressive warfare, in this and heathen lands during the coming year.

**Commissioner McKie.**

You know, it is a beautiful thought that God Almighty will receive anything we like to bring to Him, and it is also very wonderful that He allows us to suppose that we are bringing as a gift what is already His own. If I bring anything to the altar, I am looked upon as giving the Lord a present, and yet it was always His.

**President Finney.**

Unless men are willing to deny themselves, I would not give a groat for the prayers of as many professors as would cover the whole United States. These things must be taught to young converts. It must come to this point in the churches, that men shall not be called Christians unless they will cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye, and deny themselves for Christ's sake. . . Heaven calls from above, hell groans from beneath, and ten thousand voices cry out from heaven, earth, and hell, "Do something to save the world! Do it now!"

**John Wesley.**

On the whole, to deny ourselves is to deny our own will where it does not fall into the will of God, and that however pleasing it may be. It is to deny ourselves any pleasure which does not spring from and lead to God; that is, in effect, to refuse going out of our way, though it may be a pleasant, flowery path; to refuse what we know to be deadly poison, though agreeable to the taste.

**William Law.**

If we choose to indulge ourselves in such expensive enjoyments as have no real use in them, such as satisfy no real want, rather than to entitle ourselves to an eternal reward, by disposing of our money well, we are guilty of his madness, that rather chooses to lock up arms and hands than to make himself for ever blessed by giving them to those that want them.

**F. W. Robertson.**

Sacrifice alone, bare and unrelieved, is ghastly, unnatural, and dead; but self-sacrifice illuminated by love, is warmth and life; it is the death of Christ, the life of God, the blessedness and only proper life of man.

## Samples of Self-Denial.

Last year a Salvation soldier gave up his fortnight's summer holiday in order to give the money to the Self-Denial Fund.

An old woman living in Canning Town had an income of 2s. 6d. per week, out of which she laid aside a farthing each week throughout the year to go to the Self-Denial Fund.

Several of the Metropole lodgers do without their tobacco during Self-Denial Week. This, being almost their only luxury, the act is the more remarkable.

An unsaved gentleman, a lover of the Salvation Army, did without tobacco and cigars during Self-Denial Week, and sent a sovereign to the officer in charge of the local corps.

A notorious ex-boozer, converted through our Social Work, makes a practice of calling at the local police station with his Self-Denial collecting card. He reaps a good harvest from the police, who remember him in his old days.

One of the East London slum corps has a bright soldier, who has been for a long time keeping his mother and two invalid sisters. He cannot get married, he says, while they are alive, and his young lady joins him in a long self-denying and uncomplaining wait!

One of the Tokio (Japan) soldiers was ill in the country. He had only a small sum of money, and was unable to collect, as he was ill, so he prayed. Just then his mother sent him a large sum of money, and he sent the whole amount to his corps officer. Though he could not save money by it, yet he went without nourishing food during Self-Denial Week, so as to have some real share in the effort.

**Living on a Franc a Day.**

From St. Etienne, France, comes a story of an old Salvationist, a woman-Sergeant, who, although well-connected and with friends who could easily keep her in ease, refuses to go to them because they insist that if she goes she must leave the Salvation Army behind.

She has a weekly income of about 60 cents, yet regularly gives 10 cents in her cartridge! When remonstrated with, she replies, "Surely you would not rob me of the greatest joy of my life!"

There are also in this district, Commissioner Cosandey reports, many soldiers who are living on one franc (20 cents) a day, giving the rest of their income to the work of God!

**If everyone who used chewing gum would deny themselves of it for only one week, and give the money to our Self-Denial Fund, we should receive the handsome total of $28,846.**

## Canada's Record.

(To our Frontispiece.)

Canada's record is what we Canadians make it. No one else will have to answer for it, nor shall we incur any responsibility for the sins of nations. It is apparent, however, that our own account is serious enough.

We are indebted to Mr. C. B. Keenleyside, B.A., B.D., for putting facts before us in a very unmistakable, plain-spoken fashion. These figures, and many others of absorbing interest, are presented in neat, readable form in his booklet entitled, "A Day of Good Tidings."

Our artist has endeavored to present them faithfully as it appears to us, and surely these facts should add force to our Self-Denial efforts, and spur us on to a desperate, all-length consecration of our best service to God.

From the monetary point of view, this is how we stand. Canadians spend annually an average of $30 per head for whiskey, $3.50 per head for sugar (candy, etc.), 50 cts. per head for chewing gum, whilst we offer to God for foreign missions a paltry 8 cents per head of population. If this is the estimate of our national ideas of proportionate money values, it is indeed a terrible record.

**Responsible for What We Spend.**

There is no shelving the fact, or shirking its unpalatable truth; each individual will have to give his account to the Recording Angel by-and-by. The Bible is very clear on this point. Jesus Christ spoke no uncertain words upon the subject. Paul reiterated the truth again and again. If every idle word demands a judgment in eternity, every wasted cent, every mis-spent dollar will have to be answered for also. We may not appreciate the thought. The day of reckoning may appear very remote, as year after year passes, and we are still custodians of our own pocket-book, with none to say us nay. Nevertheless we are hastening on. Has not some wiseacre said, "God's mill grinds slowly, but it grinds exceedingly small"? Time is of small duration when viewed from eternity's standpoint, and you and I have to do with the eternal God.

There is a profit account and a loss account in God's great reckoning. Every expenditure goes into either one or other of these great entries. Fair Canada looks sprightly and innocent as she naively hands up her eight cents offering for the evangelization of the heathen world. But the angel who handles the judgment scales points to her indulgences as though he would ask, "What about these?" He cannot be put off.

Let us face these matters as intelligent men and women. Are we guilty of self-indulgence? Is our expenditure iniquitous? Do we insult God by offering Him a mere pittance, whilst we pour out our wealth on the altars of licentiousness—or, to put it mildly, extravagant living? Our duty is clearly that of self-humiliation and contrition. We should confess our sins and forsake them.

Thank God we have yet the opportunity to repent. And, having repented, let us strive to make amends. Let us pay up our old scores. Let us begin this Self-Denial Week, and really give worthily unto our God and His cause. Let us give until we feel it; give until we know what sacrifice means, and let us remember that **the Lord loveth the cheerful giver**, and that it is **more blessed to give than to receive.**

The Bible has been printed in over four hundred languages and dialects. The New Testament is now being printed in Tagalog, for the Philippine Islands, and into Sunoge, for use in districts east of the Nile, by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

**And yet there are 450 millions living are not possessed of the Bible in a language they can understand.**

# A Peep at Commissioner Cadman's Log,

## ON THE KENSINGTON'S SECOND TRIP UNDER THE BLOOD-AND-FIRE FLAG.

As the Commisisoner himself admitted, it seemed as though he "had hardly left us" before he was again a welcome guest at the Territorial Headquarters, Toronto. And in matter of fact the interval between his return home, and his departure once more to personally conduct to Canadian shores another detachment of some 1,400 people, was very *brief.*

Our great country no sooner welcomes one party, apportioning each individual his future sphere, than she is extending her arms imploringly for as many more as can be suitably "hand-picked," to use the term adopted by the Premier of Ontario.

Commissioner Cadman's estimate of his second great company of immigrants is even more advantageous to the Dominion than the first. He speaks of them enthusiastically, using adjectives freely.

### Departure Scenes.

On the evening of April 4th the Commissioner met one complement of his party at the railway depot, and held a brief meeting with them.

The next morning, being the actual date of sailing, the General himself, accompanied by the Chief of the Staff, Commissioners Cadman and Nicol, Colonel Lamb, and others, assembled at Euston Station for the final farewell.

The General's address to the out-going emigrants will probably be the most precious memory of that memorable day in their lives. His fatherly words of counsel, cheer, warning, and benediction were both inspiring and uplifting. Each person received a copy of his good-bye message as a memento, and speedily the two train-loads of happy, hopeful people took their seats in the specials for Liverpool.

At the dock, as may be imagined, a great multitude of people lined the upper and lower wharves by which access to the vessel was obtained. The snapshot presented herewith shows Colonel Lamb starting the good old song, which might justifiably be henceforth called "the emigrants' anthem." The service was necessarily brief. To Miss Mary Booth belonged the honor of unfurling the Blood-and-Fire Flag at the masthead, which was the signal of loud acclamations of enthusiasm from both the ship and the wharf.

One of the Liverpool corps bands supplied the music, the last song being, "God be with you till we meet again." Probably there were few dry eyes at this juncture, yet keen though the separation invariably is from loved ones, and native land, it was with prayer, faith, and hopefulness, that those left behind bid them "God-speed," and those starting forth faced the new life.

### Commissioner Cadman at His Task.

Hardly had they cleared the Mersey than Commissioner Cadman set to work to organize his special and responsible work. Every plan that could be devised for *profit*, enjoyment, and blessing upon the voyage was set in motion, so that no one could feel lonely or left out. All knew that in the Commissioner they had one aboard whose whole time, thought, energy, and prayer was being expended to benefit them. He was at it daily from 6 a.m. till 11 p.m.

The next day the Commissioner appointed sergeants and helpers, who would rally round him and assist, whether at deck meetings, or awnings, the cabin or steerage passengers. Games, healthful recreation, and innocent amusements were also catered for, as well as the arduous business of the floating labor bureau.

### God's Seal of Blessing.

At the very first meeting a man came to the penitent form, and another at the second. Meetings were held both morning, noon, and night; in fact, the people never seemed to weary of them, but immediately the three or four instrumentalists amongst the passengers struck up an Army song, at the Commissioner's request the crowd gathered round, and games lost their attraction.

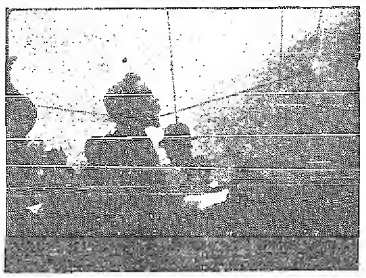
The singing was infectious—from end to end of the vessel God's praises, and the old, old story of the cross rang out over the waters. Nor did prayer and testimony flag, so that it may be said the happy people literally sung their way across the mighty deep!

Between fifty and sixty meetings were held, at which twenty-five cases of conversion are reported.

In addition to these, some lectures were given on various topics. The Commissioner delighted a saloon audience with a recital of "The Rise and Progress of the Salvation Army." Staff-Capt. Patterson gave an address on Canada to the second and third class passengers on deck and in the saloon respectively. On such occasions ample opportunity for enquiries of all kinds, apropos the new land of their adoption, was well appreciated. These were, therefore, felt to be most useful times.

COMMISSIONER CADMAN.

This photograph was taken whilst standing upon the steps of the Training Home at Jamaica



Colonel Lamb starting the grand old song, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," before the Kensington left England's shores.

### Celebrating the General's Birthday.

Probably a precedent in ocean travel was created by the novel and delightful mode adopted for hailing our beloved General's natal day. Commissioner Cadman and the good ship's captain put their heads together and devised the plan. On April 10th, in mid-ocean, the Kensington's flags gaily fluttered in the breeze, and the signals read by the flag code indicated the words,

"Long Live the General!"

whilst the echo of all hearts responded the same glad acclamation. A special children's meeting was part of this particular day's delights, when biscuits, candies, toys, dolls, etc., were freely distributed, as much to the joy of the old folks as that of the young.

### Easter on Board.

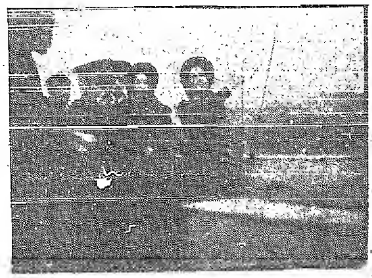
Good Friday was observed by wonderful meetings all day, and when Easter Sunday dawned a special knee-drill and march at 6 a.m., led by the cornets, took place.

The best of harmony prevailed throughout the voyage, and this shipload were cetainly, especially favored by the elements. The weather was much more propitious than that which the travelers by the Kensington's first Army voyage experienced, and comparatively there was little sickness or discomfort. Only two days prior to reaching Halifax they encountered a head wind, which retarded their progress somewhat.

As it was, however, they landed at the Halifax docks about 4 p.m. on Sunday, and had the privilege of an ovation from the corps brass band, who played their "welcome" to the Land of the Maple Leaf.

### The Class of Immigrants.

It only remains to state most emphatically that the class of new settlers brought out by the Army on this trip was, as a whole, even superior to the previous one. Both the officials of the ship and harbor admired the look of the people, and as a matter of fact many of them were provided with funds for the immediate purchase of property and lands. Not a single hitch in the laborious task of expedition occurred, refreshments for their long rail journeys to various parts of the country being thought of. Two train loads came on to Ontario, whilst some few went to points further west. God bless each and all in their new surroundings!



Miss Mary Booth unfurls the Blood-and-Fire Flag at the Kensington's masthead. Her sister Miriam stands beside her.

# San Francisco's Appalling Calamity.

## EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE RAVAGES—THE ARMY LOSES ALL HER PROPERTIES.

Scarcely had the echoes of the great volcanic eruption of Vesuvius died away, and long before the poor, deluded Italian villages which nestled at its base could be disinterred from the ash-pit of destruction, than the world cables conveyed the appalling tidings of a visitation of God still more severe.

The press bulletins which announced the fact to the civilized world about noon, on Wednesday, April 18th, ran as follows:

"San Francisco was practically wrecked by an earthquake at 5.10 this morning. The shock laster three minutes. Thousands of buildings were damaged or destroyed. The loss of life is reported great.

"There is no water, and fires are breaking out all over the city. All the wires, with the excention of one, are gone.

"The City Hall, costing seven millions, is in ruins. Modern buildings suffered less than those of brick and frame.

"The terror and excitement are indescribable. Most of the people were asleep, and rushed into the streets undressed. The buildings swayed and crashed, burying many occupants. Panic reigns in the down-town hotels."

It would require all the sixteen pages of our Cry to adequately describe the extent of the disaster, and consequent train of distressing circumstances which followed in its wake. For many days some new phase of suffering, anguish, and terror presented itself, and it was found that instead of first reports being exaggerated, the more precisely the details became known a corresponding revelation of woe and calamity intensified. The fires started by the general collapse of buildings spread in all directions like a mighty conflagration, feeding on everything that lay enroute, until the beautiful city, the main pride and glory of America's great Pacific sea port was one huge mass of wreckage.

More terrible than the explosion of the big gas works was the destruction of the main water supplies, for this thwarted every effort to extinguish the raging fires, and at the same time left the homeless, stranded thousands of San Francisco's great population to face the awful exigencies of a water famine.

Words cannot paint the dire sufferings of the people of all ranks and stages of society. To have one's house and home swept away, with every cherished association and sacred memento of years gone by is in itself an almost irreparable loss. But add to this the appalling loss of life itself. Dear ones, parents, children, and relatives buried alive under the debris of falling buildings, with no possibility of extrication, a prey even before life was extinct to the havoc of hungry flames fanned by the breeze, and uninterrupted in their fatal course. And as though such loss, bereavement, and agony were not the sum of possible endurance, multiply that loss and bereavement a hundred-fold, until it be hard to find one unbroken family, one whole unstricken household, whose hearts are not riven by personal grief. Multiply it until it touches the vitals of your deepest patriotic affection, and you stand by a helpless witness to the destruction of your native city and home. Yet this is not all.

### Opportunity Makes the Thief.

While earth tremors are still striking fear and dumb-dread, and raging flame is pursuing its deadly course in the waterless city, the devil himself appears to be feeding on the spoil and gloating over his opportunities, stirring up men of the basest type to plunder the very dead, and pounce like vultures upon the ruins of wealth.

Stories of such villainy were never less tolerable than at such a crises, yet they have not been wanting to add their pall of darkness to the doomed city. Police and military patrols have actually found it necessary to shoot down such ignoble characters, and surely this spectacle of the depth of modern depravity should be an eye-opener to those who would fain deny it and vainly hope that humanity generally has lost its sinfulness by advanced civilization.

No; the devil of the twentieth century is the devil of the Garden of Eden, whose avaricious coveteousness would rob the Almighty Himself of the one tree out of ten thousand which He desired to reserve for His own use!

### The Sufferings of Survivors.

For many days those who barely escaped with their lives, bereft of clothing, shelter, home, and property, had to solve the problem, how to maintain life, for gaunt famine stared the destitute, afflicted people in the face. Food supplies were burned, and both telegraphic and railway connections with the former magnificent city most seriously disturbed.

Bread even sold at a dollar per loaf, and the authorities were obliged to restrict and apportion each individual's rations. With these conditions, it will be seen how necessary and urgent were relief measures, which, happily, the U. S. A. Government did its best to effectually organize with all speed.

### Other Towns Affected.

As time goes on it becomes apparent that many towns in the neighborhood and outlying districts also suffered very considerably from simultaneous earthquake disturbances. Hundreds of lives have been lost and millions of dollars' property destroyed or damaged, the exact extent of which it is too early to determine. Oakland, Santa Rosa, Healdburg, Geiserville, Cloverdale, Nopeland, Ukiah, Martinez, Alameda, Berkeley, Brawley, and San Jose, each tell their own tale of woe in varying degrees, some of those places being almost wiped out.

### The Army's Standing in San Francisco.

The Army's operations in the city and surroundings were very considerable. In addition to seven or eight corps, with all their spiritual activities, amongst which one labored among the Chinese population, the Social Work was well developed by perhaps a dozen separate agencies, such as Industrial Home, Industrial Stores, Wood Yard, Employment Bureau, Missing Friends' Department, Knights of Hope, Helping Hand, Cheap Restaurant and Labor Bureau, Metropole, Men's Hotel and Women's Social, besides the Provincial and Divisional Headquarters.

All the properties held or occupied by the Army were completely destroyed, and everything lost, including, of course, records which no insurance could recover.

Colonel and Mrs. French were the Provincial Officers for the Southern Pacific Province, Brigadier and Mrs. Wood being the Divisional.

The following pathetic message was wired by Colonel French to Commander Eva Booth the morning of April 19th:

"Deeply regret inform you Provincial Headquarters building and entire equipment, including all records, destroyed by fire following earthquake. Thousands homeless. Army has tendered services city authorities for relief among sufferers. Compelled open temporary Provincial Headquarters Oakland citadel. No casualties reported among our people, although hundreds dead. Our hearts appalled over intense suffering of victims. Both cities overwhelmed with grief. Pray for us."

Immediately on learning the extent of the disaster Commissioner Coombs cabled a warm, sympathetic message of Canadian sympathy and love, both to the Commander at New York and to Colonel French, which we are assured were heartily appreciated by our comrades on the other side. This message was endorsed by the united gathering of the Territorial Staff at Colonel Friedrich's farewell banquet, and was afterwards warmly responded to by the vast throng of people who crowded the Temple at the later hour, as voicing their sentiments also.

### Canada's Gift.

Sympathy alone, however, though cheering and kindly as is its office, would not suffice to prove the depth of our sorrow and love at such an hour, with our brave comrades fighting under the flag in these parts. The Commissioner, therefore, intimated to the Commander the desire to contribute at least "our mite" towards the general fund which has been opened at the Army Headquarters, New York. $500 has been appropriated to this end, and here at least is an opportunity for the readers of the Canadian War Cry to offer substantial assistance. The Commissioner will be grateful to all soldiers and friends throughout the Dominion who will respond to this urgent appeal, and forward their donations to him without delay, that we may really come to our comrades' help in the hour of their dire distress.

Remittances should be sent to the Commissioner, The Temple, Albert St., Toronto, a list of which will duly appear in our columns.

## The General's Cable to President Roosevelt.

Immediately the sad intelligence reached the General, his great heart of sympathy was stricken to its depths, and he dispatched the following cable to President Roosevelt:

"God alone can effectually comfort and help the sufferers by this agonizing calamity, at San Francisco. The prayers and sympathies of our people the world over are with you."

## United Open-Air Demonstration

### AT NEW YORK CITY

**Convened by Commander Eva Booth, in Aid of 'Frisco Sufferers.**

(Press wire to Canadian War Cry.)

A united mass meeting and immense open-air demonstration was held at Union Square on Sunday afternoon in aid of 'Frisco sufferers.

Hon. Jos. H. Choate, former Ambassador Great Britain, presided. Right Rev. Dr. Green, Bishop Episcopal Church, and Rev. Dr. MacArthur made stirring appeals for aid for stricken city, and expressed unbounded confidence in the Salvation Army as a Relief Agency.

I pressed upon all present their individual duty to God and suffering fellow-men, and with one accord purses were unclasped and money showered into collector's baskets by all classes, from occupants of automobiles to policemen and newsboys.

Collection amounted to over two hundred dollars. Heaven-reaching cheers rose for the General and the Salvation Army as an effective relief agency for such an emergency.

America's heart warmed by the General's help, and the sympathy of the Army in all countries. We have raised seven thousand dollars through two days' efforts. Canada's liberal contribution greatly appreciated and applauded.

Sir Wilfred Laurier sent a special message to the mass meeting, which was received with loud cheers.

God is with us. Pray.

Commander Evangeline Booth.

A poor woman who hawkes tape and needles on the streets of Birmingham, Eng., in one year put 128 coins in her missionary box, aggregating about $3.23.

**One week's self-denial in liquor and tobacco throughout Canada would bring in the stupendous amount of $3,076,923.**

**The national bill for these sinful indulgences amounts to $439,850 per day.**

# The S. A. in Java.

Java is almost as large as England, and its population is supposed to be about forty millions, composed of Javanese, Sundanese, Madurese, Malays, Chinese, Arabs, Aborigines, and Dutch.

The three first named are native tribes each having their own language.

The natives are under the influence of Mohammedanism, but do not manifest so fanatical a spirit as is sometimes found amongst Mahomet's followers.

The Javanese are said to be of an indolent character, but be this as it may, we have proved that they can become very enthusiastic. It is true they know no care for the future. Their rich land has spoiled them in that respect; they reckon on three or four crops in one year, and woe unto them if, on account of too little or too much rain, the crops are spoiled. Then they have nothing to fall back on, and are at once brought to poverty. Such failures in crops have taken place several times since our work has been established on the island, and on such occasions we have been able to come to the aid of the poor people in a very practical manner, for which we have obtained the gratitude of the government and others, who esteem our work most highly.

At Semarang, where our Headquarters is situated, we have a large Social Institution, capable of giving shelter to some three hundred people.

This institution is used exclusively for natives, and supplies a great need. From long distances the people come to us hungry and covered with wounds. They do not object to doing labor in return for shelter, food, and treatment. A spiritual work is also going on in the same institution, where the people are taught to realize their sinfulness, and the way in which they can obtain deliverance.

A school is attached to the institution, where the children are instructed by a native teacher, an Army convert, named Sodiro, who is receiving his training to become an officer, and whose portrait will be found in the group.

Through the last reinforcements we were enabled to open a few more corps in the heart of the native population.

Our officers live altogether on native lines, and the people really feel that our officers have come to do them good.

Visiting and open-air work are consequently the most useful means employed to reach the people. Besides such work, the officers teach the children and attend to the sick who come to them for medicine, as if every officer had graduated at a university.

The native work has to be supported from Headquarters. We are trying to make the people feel their responsibility in this respect, but money is extremely scarce among them. We encourage the people to bring gifts of fruit in exchange for the assistance they receive.

Although the natives are our main field of labor, yet it has not been possible for us to confine ourselves exclusively to them. Everyone is claiming the Salvation Army for his own personal need.

We are often asked to open up in different directions, and the people see such a way of escape in our work for the varied needs of the different nations represented here, that they will not rest satisfied with a negative reply. If we say that our force in Java is not yet large enough to open up work so extensively, they simply ask, "Can you not get officers from other parts, where there are so many?"

We have already a few corps among the Chinese, and this work is ripe for great extension.

Our officers are a band of devoted men and women, with whom, we believe, God will help us to fill Java, and not only Java, but the whole of the Dutch Indies with the knowledge of salvation.

## SELF-DENIAL COLLECTING IN JAVA.

This year I have been on some new ground, and have visited places and people who have never seen an Army officer before. I have been quite a curio. One place I visited is the health resort of West Java. It stands 2,200 feet above the sea level, and is populated largely by pensioned officials.

In this country the schools open at 7.30 a.m. At 8 or 9 the clerks and officials enter their offices, the higher officials not till 11. At 1 o'clock the schools and offices close, except in the very large cities, where there is much business commercially.

While everybody sleeps a collector's work is of necessity at a standstill. Then from 4 to 6 begins the awakening. There is tea-drinking, bathing, and pleasure—nothing rather than lawn-tennis—for the rest of the day. No work is done, outside shops, after 1 o'clock. A collector's work is therefore very difficult, as only a short morning is given and a very uncertain hour in the evening. Walking on the hard roads here is very hard on the feet. I have done ten to fifteen miles a day during the past three weeks, until my feet are sore, and I'm glad to rest awhile. I am often out as early as 6.30 a.m. with my collecting book.—Adjt. Thompson.

**Native Salvationists of Java.**

A Junior Soldier. Capt. Lieut. & Mrs. [illegible] Cadet Sodiro.

# The Army in Mashonaland.

We have a school at the Pearson Settlement (says Lieut.-Colonel Pearce, who, with Lieut.-Colonel Johnston, the officer in charge of Salisbury Settlement, takes a great interest in native affairs); all the Cadets attend it—indeed, this is part of their training. The Mashonas are, as a race, eager to learn, and our people teach them in English as well as in their own language. The school draws its pupils from the five kraals which make up Pearson Settlement, all the kraals being on or near the Salvation Army farm.

Among the Mashonas a kraal means a village, made up of many families, nearly all of whom are related. This system of rather close inter-marriage, disadvantageous as it is in many ways, is decidedly helpful to the Army, inasmuch as they are so much easier to reach.

There is practically no literature in the Mashona language except the Gospel of Matthew, to which a translation of Mark has recently been added. There are no books for school work, though Staff-Capt. Bradley has, with great labor, made a grammar for himself on the basis of a Zulu text-book.

### A Sketch of Two Natives.

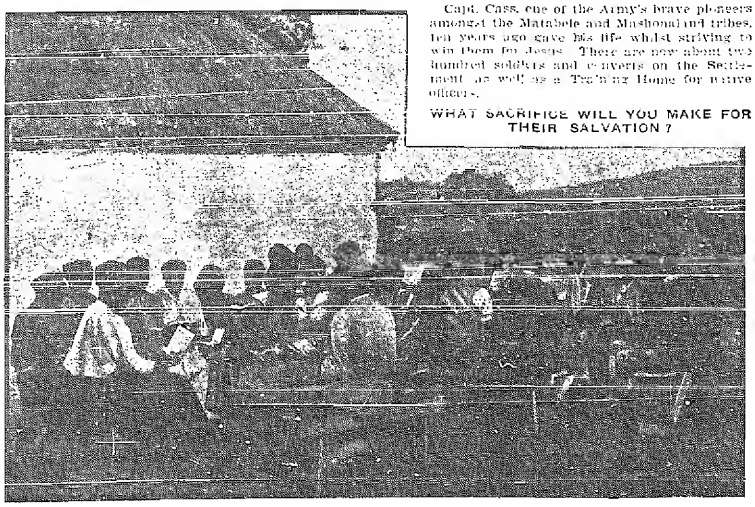
Cadet Nyamkondiwe is a Mashona. He was born in Mashonaland, in the Budshga district. His father dying, he went out to work when quite a boy, and journeyed from place to place until he landed in Salisbury, and was there employed by the native police. Then the Salvation Army came into the Mazoe district, and he found salvation. Presently he became a soldier, and ultimately a Cadet. He is fired with zeal to become a preacher of the Gospel.

Cadet Mahuba was born in the Portuguese country, where he was a disobedient lad. As he would not obey his father in herding the goats, his angry parent seized some calico, tore it in strips, and hung him to a tree. After some time, seeing that he was strangling, he cut him down. After this experience Mahuba obeyed his father's wishes.

Mahuba's brother found his way to Salisbury, and after two years he returned home and related his experience of salvation, and talked to Mahuba about religion, and wanted him to come to Salisbury and see and hear wonderful things about Jesus. Mahuba refused. But the brother sent a message to him after he got to Salisbury again. This led to Mahuba following thither, where he was converted, and left his work to become a missionary to his dusky comrades.

Capt. Cass, one of the Army's brave pioneers amongst the Matabele and Mashonaland tribes, ten years ago gave his life whilst striving to win them for Jesus. There are now about two hundred soldiers and converts on the Settlement, as well as a Training Home for native officers.

**WHAT SACRIFICE WILL YOU MAKE FOR THEIR SALVATION?**



Open-Air School Classes, Pearson Settlement, Mashonaland.

# Monster Celebration of the General's 77th Birthday at the Crystal Palace.

## THE BELOVED OF ALL NATIONS—EIGHT HOURS OF SALVATION RAPTURE—HIS OWN CHARACTERISTIC APPRECIATION OF THE EVENT.

In response to a request, the General penned the following lines as a birthday thought for one of London's great dailies:

"This day has set me dreaming again. Judged by the happiness whih the Army gives its people, there is nothing like it, I believe, in the world.

"The power of Niagara has been harnessed to great manufacturing ends. Oh, that the moral and spiritual energy of this people would more than ever be linked to the turning of the miserable and wretched into the happy, good, and industrious by the citizens of this world and of the eternal."

"It was a great day," says the British War Cry, "because the love of God in man for man was felt and seen."

The keynote dominant in every service held, was thanksgiving, and well it might be, in which, indeed, many nations united.

Leading Staff Officers were seated on the platform, and to the right of the General a large Foreign Contingent in picturesque uniforms. India was well represented, and Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, South Africa, Australia, and France also had representatives. Two children in Japanese costume looked like cute little figures from a tea set—blue and red. The Staff Band provided music.

### Missionaries.

The encouraging fact was announced that in 1905 the Army sent out 105 missionaries. England headed the list with eighty-two, Holland came second with seven, then Denmark with six, the United States with four, and Sweden with two. A Swedish officer from India was present.

The Army is at present working among eight nationalities in India. Among those represented were the Tamils, who are the most pushing people in the vast Empire. Commissioner Booth-Tucker classed them as the Japs of India. They know a good thing when they see it, and they have come to put a high estimate on the Salvation Army. Many of their heathen temples have been handed over to our use!

The day's program included Social and Foreign Demonstration, Young People's Physical Drills, a magnificent Musical Festival, besides the central event—the General's appearance, which was hailed with unbounded enthusiasm.

The novel device by which the total results of the British Self-Denial totals was unfurled is said to have been "the thrillingest moment of all!" Quoting again from the British Cry, we read:

"The vast assembly was on the tiptoe of expectation!

"At this juncture an almost silent suspense was broken by a really pretty picture—six pairs of small boys and girls, in red guernseys and pure white respectively—who slowly ascended the platform steps to the right, drawing after them a large 'drum' on a miniature 'trolley.' From the platform stalwart officers carried the 'drum' to a curtained recess, also on the right, and in a minute or two the unwinding of the Self-Denial results had begun.

"The first long strip of calico was drawn across the centre of the platform on lines provided for the purpose. It contained, printed in large blue letters, the first eagerly-read [illegible] the smallest sum shown, and when the [illegible] perceived that the totals grew in stature with each successive announcement, they grasped the inwardness of this novel [illegible] arrangement and cheered with hearty [illegible] until London's splendid advance carried them off their feet! London was wild with delight.

"A pause and then the climax—$363,630.00.

"Imagine the fervor of the doxology and the benediction!"

### Out of the Deep.

A most impressive feature of the Social Demonstration was the large number of ex-submerged men who had come to testify to the fact that the General's Social Scheme had raised them from the depths of poverty and degradation.

Even one or two Staff Officers stepped forward boldly to say that the Army Shelter and the Social workshops had given them a chance of social and spiritual recovery when they were homeless and destitute.

"I am here," said Staff-Capt. Barnard, the Superintendent of our large Shelter and Elevator in Bradford, "to show what the Social Work can do for a homeless outcast on the Thames Embankment. Over thirteen years ago I was in that terrible condition!"

The magnificent achievements of the General's Darkest England Scheme can have no better demonstration than by the lives and work of such men as the Staff-Captain. Yet the soul-stirring testimony was but an incident in an hour crowded with fact and story that caused the pulse to beat faster, and the heart to fill with gratitude to God for the wonders He has wrought by the Army's Christlike and beneficent work.

### The General's Stirring Appeal for Candidates.

Space only allows for an extract from the General's own powerful address. It was brimful of weighty utterance, and delivered with astonishing vigor. Its climax was perhaps the final appeal particularly addressed to the young people present. The General, at his venerable age, looks back and estimates the value of life as only those can, who have traveled its decades, adding to each more heroic labor, and personal sacrifice than the preceding one recorded. This, then is the ultimatum of his ripe experience. This is the acme of his desire for the most useful and desirable career open to youth.—

### A Life Consecration to God and His Holy War.

As the young people understood the challenge and appeal, they were invited to step to the platform.

A youth, with a clear, fresh face, was the first, and the General shook him warmly by the hand as he passed. About a score followed, while the whole audience sang, "All I have I am bringing to Thee." It was a moving scene, and eternity alone will disclose the tremendous issues emanating to the wide world itself as a memento of the passing of the General's 77th mile-stone.

## Extract of the General's Address.

### "Not Unto Me!"

When I look at these things, and when I look into your faces as you sit before me this afternoon, I am filled with astonishment and with praise. And here, in the presence of this great multitude, in the presence of the holy angels, in the presence of God Himself, I desire to lay all the honor of what has been accomplished at my dear Saviour's feet. "Not unto me"—and I think I can say it—may, I am sure I can—on behalf of the men and women who are fighting by my side also—"Not unto us, O Lord our God, but unto Thy great name be all the glory!" (Volley.)

So much for the past. And now, what about the future? Have we reached the standstill point? God Forbid! Have we reached the zenith of our power for benefiting mankind? Again I say, God forbid! myself, I feel as though we were only launching this marvelous agency; as though we were only on the brink of this mighty sea of opportunity that lies before us.

What about the future? All I have to say is that so far as I am concerned I want this day to be a day of reconsecration, of the consecration of my vows of service to my God and my vows of service to my fellows, especially to those who are the most helpless, the farthest away from God and the comforts, necessities of earth and the joys of salvation. (Amens.)

It is hinted that my life may now be drawing to a close. I hear some muttering of that sort of notion every now and then from different sources—fears that my energies must be exhausted and the future days of my service numbered. It may be so; it is well to be ready; it is wise to stand on the tiptoe ready for the eternal clime and for the great meeting at the judgment bar.

This may be my last birthday; I may never see your faces again. If it should be so, I charge you, as though I spoke from my dying pillow, to be faithful to the pledge you have made, faithful to the principles I have endeavored to inculcate, and faithful to the great object which I have set before you!

### At My Saviour's Feet.

But it may also be that the great Father may see good to extend my years a little further. If He does so, then I gladly and cheerfully dedicate them, here in your presence, with all my heart, to His blessed service. If, while we are in this Palace, and while I stand on this platform, some angel were to fly down from the Great Throne up yonder and put into my hands the title-deeds of ten years' longer stay, the assurance that ten more birthdays were to be mine—I say, with that assurance in my hand, and with those title-deeds before me, I would haste to lay them at my Saviour's feet for the extension of His Kingdom and the benefit of my fellow-creatures. That is my resolution! There you have my declaration! (Volleys.)

What about yours? The call is not only to you to save your own souls; not only to you to do what you can for the salvation of your own families; that you should make sure of your own eternal crown when the temporalities and trivalities of earth have passed away; but the call comes to you to do what you can to further the purposes for which your Saviour died. The call comes to you, I think, through me and through this event which has brought us together this afternoon.

### Join Your General!

I cannot help thinking that in this Palace there must be a large number of young men and young women—(I do not want to pass you by who, like myself, are still in the prime of life!)—who are looking destiny in the face and saying, "What shall I do with my life?" I invite you to join your General! (Volley.) I invite you to join with him in the same consecration, and this afternoon, in the presence of the great King of Heaven, lay yourselves, for time and for eternity, all you have and all you can hope to have, at the feet of your Lord.

If so as your birthdays pass along, as your birthdays have passed, you shall have the same satisfaction that fills my bosom while I talk to you, and which, when the storms are over and we are laid on the other side of the river, will fill your breast for evermore. God help you!

Once more let me say that the Salvation Army expects every man and every woman under the banner to do their duty to God and their fellows. God bless you all! (Loud exclamations and cheers.)

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The money that could be saved in Canada by doing without sugar for a week amounts to $105,750.

# HOLINESS AND SELF-DENIAL

By Lieut.-Colonel Brengle.

WE deny ourselves only when we voluntarily give up that which we like, and which we might lawfully keep. I have no doubt that God often allows us luxuries and abundance, not that we may consume them upon ourselves, but rather that we may deny ourselves joyfully for His dear sake, and the sake of the needy ones around us.

Often when urging upon well-to-do people the importance of denying themselves in dress and furniture and equipage and the luxuries of life, I have had them turn to me and say, "If God did not mean me to have these things to enjoy them, why did He give me the means to get them?" And, poor things! they thought they had crushed me with their logic.

But the answer is simple. God meant them to be stewards, but they consider themselves as owners. God meant them to have the greater blessedness of giving, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive," but they contented themselves with what they considered the blessedness of receiving. God meant them to

**Pass on His Bounty**

to the multitudes of needy ones about them, but they dammed up and diverted the streams of God's mercy and revelled in what they considered God's favor and license to unlimited self-indulgence, while the multitudes for whom God really intended these blessings perish of want. They show unmistakably by their conduct that they have not the spirit of Jesus, "Who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might be rich," and on the judgment day they will surely be found wanting, and woeful will be their condemnation.

Why does God give a woman wealth? That she may spent it on feathers and flowers, and silks and satins, and luxurious apartments? Nay; but that she may spend it upon those who are hungry and cold and dying of bitter want.

Why does God give a mother brilliant, manly sons and loving daughters? That she may enjoy their presence and train them for society and a career before the world? Nay; but that she may

**Train Them to be Martyrs,**

slum angels, missionaries to the heathen and barefooted, debauched, neglected devil-ridden children of the saloons and brothels.

Why does God give a man power and influence and fame? That he may be great in the eyes of men and lord it over his fellows and clothe himself in purple and fine linen and live luxuriously? Nay; but that he may throw every jot and tittle of his power and influence into the scale of righteousness of conduct and holiness of character and hasten the utter establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth.

Self-denial almost ceases to be self-denial when practised from such a high and holy motive. It is the denial of the lower, base, earthly self, and the gratification of the higher and heavenly self. It is a turning from earth to heaven; from that which is fleeting and temporal to that which is eternal. *It enlightens* the mind,

**Ennobles the Character,**

perfects the heart, and brings us into fellowship with Jesus. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

I once read an illustration of Mr. Finney's that has had a marked influence on my life. In substance, it was this: Suppose a man were traveling in a foreign land, and being waylaid and captured by brigands, he were sold into slavery, and a great ransom demanded for his release. At last word reaches his wife informing her of his sad state and the only condition upon which he could possibly be restored to her. His bondage is cruel, and is fast wearing his life away, but there is no way of escape except the ransom be paid.

All the love and affection and purity and sympathy of the wife's heart are roused to the utmost. She sells all her property, she lays her case before her friends and neighbors, and

**They Assist Her,**

and yet she falls far below the amount of the ransom demanded. At last, a stranger hears her story, visits her, and gives her the necessary amount. She does not for an instant think, "Now I shall be able to get me a new dress and a bonnet in the latest fashion, or get a nice piece of furniture for my rooms, or furnish my table better than the past." No, no! She bursts into tears. She thanks the giver, and cries, "Now I shall be able to ransom my love, and soon I shall have him in my arms again."

Now, when a man or woman whose heart throbs with love for the Saviour, realizes that Jesus puts Himself in the place of the prisoner in his lonely, dark cell; the slave toiling without recompense under the lash, with the galling, clanking chain; the sick one, on the bed of sleeplessness and pain; the heathen, in his blindness and ignorance and

**Superstition and Fear;**

the helpless orphan and the poor widow, and the outcast sinner, and says, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me," he must deny himself.

When he sees Jesus, lonely and full of toil and sorrow, again in the person of these suffering ones, he finds it easier to deny himself than to indulge himself, and self-sacrifice becomes a joy.

It is for this reason that I deny myself. It is for Jesus, and the souls for whom He died. For years I lived for myself. All my hopes and ambitions centred in myself; even my desire to go to heaven was more a desire to escape from the pains of hell than to enjoy the society of Jesus and redeemed souls, and to do good and be holy.

But at last all this was changed. My sin became a burden. I loathed myself. The righteous indignation and wrath of God against evil-doers took hold of me, and I feared I should be lost for ever. But I found deliverance through Jesus.

With that love to Him came a love for the whole world of saints and sinners. At first I groped about somewhat blindly to know

**How to Express that Love,**

but true love will always finally express itself in utmost self-sacrifice for its object, and in so doing adds fuel to its flame. Since then I have found it easier to give than to withhold. I began by giving one-tenth of my income, but I could not stop there.

This is not natural. It is spiritual—supernatural. In the old days, when I had plenty of money I can remember that it was rather grudgingly that I subscribed two dollars a year to the support of the Gospel. I should be decidedly ashamed to tell this but for the fact that I am now a "new creature," and an honest confession is good for the soul.

How can I indulge myself while others suffer? How can I hoard up wealth and this world's goods while others perish for want? Why can I not trust Him to supply my wants, Who feeds the sparrows

**With Unfailing Supply?**

Why did He speak so if it was not to encourage one to cast abroad with an open liberal hand and trust Him for daily bread?

I want "the full strength of trust to prove," and how can I have such trust if I never once in my life give away all I have, and boldly trust Him to supply my need and confound a taunting devil? I have done it—Glory to God!—and He has not failed me. Instead of finding my feet on quicksands, I have found them on granite, and instead of starvation I found plenty. Bless God for ever! Oh, there is a divine philosophy in self-denial that the wise folks of this world never dream of!

**Weekly Topic for Prayer:—That success may crown the Self-Denial Campaign.**

Sunday, May 6.—Raising the Widow's Son.—Luke vii. 11-28.
Monday, May 7.—Come unto Me.—Luke vii. 31-34; Matt. xi. 20-30.
Tuesday, May 8.—Discourtesy and Devotion.—Luke vii. 36-50.
Wednesday, May 9.—Thought to be Mad.—Mark iii. 20-21; Matt. xii. 22-37.
Thursday, May 10.—Christ's Relations.—Matt. xii. 38-50.
Friday, May 11.—The Sower.—Matt. xiii. 1-23.
Saturday, May 12.—*Matt. xiii. 24-30, Mark iv. 26-41.*

"Why should I give money to help save the heathen abroad when there are so many heathen at home?"

Suppose you push this question further and see where it will land you:

Why give money to send the Gospel, say, to the Northwest, when so many need it in my own Province?

Why send it to other parts of my own Province when there are many needy in my own town?

Why give it to the poor of the town when my own church needs money?

Why give to my church when my own family wants it?

Why give to my family when I want for myself?

Why give at all to anybody or for anything?

Because you are a Christian and not a heathen.

Because, if you are a Christian, "the love of Christ constraineth" you.

Because, had all others acted on your selfish principle you would be a heathen still, and so would we all.

Because all you have is the Lord's (Psa. xxiv. 1; Hag. ii. 8), and you must one day account for the use of it.

**The Power of Prayer.**

The Bible account of the power of prayer is the best we have or can have:

Abraham's servant prays—Rebecca appears.

Jacob prays—the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love.

Joseph prays—He is delivered from the prison of Egypt.

Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited, Israel triumphs.

Hannah prays—the prophet Samuel is born.

Joshua prays—the sun stands still; victory is gained.

David prays—Ahitophel goes out and hangs himself.

Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory.

Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away His anger, and smiles.

Elijah prays—the little cloud appears; the rain descends upon the earth.

Elisha prays—the waters of Jordan are divided; a child is restored to life.

Isaiah prays—one hundred and eighty-four thousand Assyrians are dead.

Hezekiah prays—the sun dial is turned back; his life is prolonged.

Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free.

Nehemiah prays—the king's heart is softened in a minute.

Ezra prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise.

The church prays—Peter is delivered by an angel.

Paul and Silas pray—the prison shakes; the doors open, every man's bonds are loosed.

But what avails this knowledge of books, chapters, verses, and words of the Bible, if we have no knowledge of the truths contained in them? The Psalmist says: "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste; yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth. I have taken them as an heritage for ever, for they are rejoicing in my heart."—*Sel.*

WAR CRY

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

## GAZETTE

**Promotions—**

Capt. George Pynn to be ENSIGN.
Capt. Arthur Bristow to be ENSIGN.
Capt. Joseph Higdon to be ENSIGN.
Capt. Albert Stickland to be ENSIGN.
Capt. Emma Ashford to be ENSIGN.
Lieut. Maggie Dalzell to be Captain.
Lieut. Sidney Church, Editorial Department, T. H. Q., to be Captain.

**Appointments—**

BRIGADIER SMEETON to be Provincial Officer, Pacific Province.
MAJOR RAWLING to Territorial Headquarters pro tem.
ADJUTANT HYDE to Chatham, Ont.
ENSIGN THOMAS BLOSS to Pacific Provincial Headquarters.

**Marriage—**

ENSIGN THOMAS TUDGE, who came out from H.M.S. Cordelia, on April 13th, 1899, and is now in the Immigration Department, T. H. Q., to ENSIGN VIOLET LEMON, who came out from Toronto, September 17th, 1896, last in the General Secretary's Department, T. H. Q., at Toronto, April 18th, 1906, by Commissioner Coombs.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

## EDITORIAL

**Our Brothers in Sorrow.** The heart of the one Salvation Army is deeply moved at the spectacle of intense sorrow, anguish, and bereavement which our brothers at San Francisco have been called upon to endure since our last issue. Fathom its mysteries—we cannot. Explain the why and wherefore—is beyond finite ken. One t ing we know, God liveth, and He loves. If. s our Father, His hand at times holds the s ourge, yet He assures us—that it is "whom l e loveth He chasteneth."

Perhaps there is othing like others' distress and suffering whi i so opens the avenues of love, and brotherly compassion in the hearts of men. If any xtenuating circumstances be possible at suc a moment, to relieve the midnight pall of w e, surely it is the ministry of fraternal affecti i.

Count upon the rayers of the whole Canadian wing of th great Salvation Army brotherhood, beloved comrades of California! We are Besieging the Intercessory Throne of Grace on your behalf, as we mingle our tears with yours.

**The General's Noble Offering.** Our beloved General always leads the way in every effort to mitigate human suffering and bind up the wounds of calamitous affliction. On this occasion he has cabled a gift of one thousand dollars to assist our stricken comrades. The Army world will applaud his initiative in this respect, and others will desire to emulate his prompt succor. We call our readers' attention to the Commissioner's appeal in the present columns in this connection. "He that giveth quickly giveth twice."

**A Further Incentive to Self-Denial.** Surely one of the lessons we as Canadians should deduct is a more desperate and whole-souled endeavor to seize our opportunities. Here on the eve of this blessed week's calls and privileges, let there be a solemn, and yet far-reaching consecration of our all to God. Let us give every cent we can muster, every moment we can spend, every force and talent we are capable of in urgently pressing the claims of a lost, dying world to whom God has commissioned us, to hasten with the news of His abundant salvation.

## The Commissioner's Message on Self-Denial

### TO HIS CANADIAN TROOPS.

My Dear Comrade,—

We are now approaching our Annual Week of Self-Denial and Prayer. You will have received all necessary instructions, and your plans will be all ready for a great and glorious triumph. Faith and works go hand-in-hand, and you will not disappoint us.

Our dear Army Mother's memorable words, "Self-Denial will prove your love to Christ," should be ever before us, and help us in our efforts to save the greatest number of souls and raise the largest number of dollars in the history of the Territory.

Great Britain has done grandly, raising $363,630, which is an increase of $47,080 over last year's record. This should stimulate us, and help us also to a glorious victory. I am with you, body and soul, to bring it about.

Ever yours in the Blood-and-Fire,

Commissioner.

# The Commissioner at Owen Sound.

**Hon. A. G. McKay, M.P.P., Presides at an Important Gathering, and is Supported by the Mayor and Council—Large Town Hall Gorged and a Couple of Hundred Unable to gain admission—Ten for Pardon and Twenty for Consecration and Cleansing.**

A splendid crowd of soldiers and friends gathered at the early prayer meeting and prayed earnestly for a good soul-saving day. God answered us by fire. Hallelujah!

### The Morning Meeting.

This service was held in the citadel, and was well attended. The moment the Commissioner put in an appearance he received a magnificent welcome. Eighteen long years had rolled by since his last visit to Owen Sound. Since then he had traveled hundreds of thousands of miles and witnessed many thousands of men and women seeking mercy. After Adjt. Morris and the writer had sung a duet, entitled "Face to Face," the Commissioner spoke at length on "Be ye holy." His definition of holiness of heart and life was most lucid, at the close of which a remarkable scene followed, when twenty lives were consecrated to the service of God. Brigadier Taylor anticipates securing a number of Candidates out of the number.

### The Afternoon Meeting.

This and the night service were held in the large Town Hall, which was just about filled with a most intelligent and enthusiastic audience. The Commissioner spoke on "The Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow of the Salvation Army." We have rarely heard him to better advantage, and again and again during his address the large audience showed their appreciation of the movement which he had the honor to represent.

The Hon. A. G. McKay, M.P.P., who very ably presided eulogized the Army's work, emphasizing its Immigration Department. He spoke from what he had himself seen, having been Minister of Crown Lands in the late Government, which gave him the opportunity of finding out what the Army was doing in this and other matters. He declared the Army to be a potent force for the building up of our Dominion in bringing, as they were, an average of 1,000 desirable immigrants per month.

Mayor Joyce spoke very kindly of the local work of the Army and took pleasure at the fact that our Junior Sergeant-Major [illegible] McMillan was an Alderman of the Town Council.

Councillor Shean, who [illegible] interested in Prison Work, had felt for years the need of the prisoners who were taken to the Central Prison being linked on to someone to specially care for them. He had found that missing link in the Salvation Army.

Thus concluded one of the most remarkable gatherings of its kind ever held in Owen Sound.

### The Night Meeting.

The place was gorged at night, fully two hundred people being unable to gain admission. As pictures of the Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane with the blood-sweat, and His dying agonies on the cross, were thrown on the screen, hundreds of hearts were stirred. A well-fought prayer meeting followed. The first to come to the mercy seat was a boy, the Scriptures being fulfilled—"a child shall lead them"—and he was followed by nine others. A man and his wife came from the gallery, and after they had found peace embraced and kissed each other. Several of the penitents promised to become soldiers, and we trust that at no distant date they will be enrolled beneath the colors of the yellow, red, and blue.

Brigadier Taylor, the Provincial Officer, and Staff-Capt. McNamara, the District Officer, with their soldiers and people, are more than delighted with the results, and hope the Commissioner will pay a return visit at no distant date.

The party consisted of the Commissioner, Brigadier Taylor, Adjt. Morris, and the writer. The Adjutant, who was the operator, played his part most creditably, every picture shown being most clear and distinct.

I had the pleasure, in company with Councillor Shean and our two Prison Sergeants, of conducting a service at the jail. God was graciously present. Several of the prisoners expressed their determination of being Christians.

Owen Sound is growing, and we understand is being incorporated this year. Great improvements have also taken place in the corps under the able leadership of Staff-Capt. McNamara.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

Pressure on our space compels us to hold over till next week the interesting account of Commissioner Coleman's meetings at Toronto from the able pen of Brigadier Southall.

# About Targets.

## A FINAL SELF-DENIAL PAPER

BY THE GENERAL.

Comrades and Friends,—That's right. Smash your target! Get beyond it if possible, but anyhow come up to it.

If you do that it will please the Captain, and the Divisional Officer, and the Provincial Commander, and the Chief of the Staff, and the General, and the angels, and I really believe the blessed Lord Himself. And I must not forget to add, that if you don't, you will not be pleased yourself.

Some people cavil at the word "Target." They don't like the term. I do. To me it seems to have many things to recommend it:

It is useful. No other word seems to me to be so handy. It does not require a lot of explanation. Everybody knows what it means.

The principle that underlies it is right. It must be the correct thing to have a standard of excellency ever before our eyes, after which we must aspire.

It is of universal usage. Targets are old-fashioned. They belong alike to ancient and modern history.

### TARGET SMASHING.

The devil had his target, which was to ruin our first parents and spoil our beautiful new world.

And he smashed it!

Noah had his target, which was to build an ark big enough and strong enough to outride the coming storm and save himself and his house.

And he smashed it!

Moses had his target, which was to deliver his people from bondage and get them safely into Canaan.

And he smashed it!

Jesus Christ had His target, which was to make an atonement for the sins of every man.

And, bless His name, He smashed it!

For the Apostle tells us that "For the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

The martyr had his target, which was to stick to the truth in spite of the scaffold, or fires, or save heaps.

And he smashed it!

The good Salvationist has his target, which is to obey his Orders and Regulations, and fight for the salvation of souls.

And he smashes it!

I have my target, which is to raise up an Army that shall fill the world with the knowledge of salvation.

I am hoping and believing to smash it!

The word "Target" is a good word. It stands for duty—the duty of the hour; duty that has to be done; duty that we are resolved to discharge.

That is just what our Self-Denial target means to-day. So we will smash our target and go as far beyond it as we can.

The motive is good. Can any purpose stand higher in the approval of heaven?

The stimulus is good. If it be advisable, as the Apostle recommends, to "stir up the gift" that is in our hearts, it cannot be wrong to stir up the gifts in our comrades' hearts.

The use to which the product of the target is devoted is good. Only think of the blessings which the response of the self-denying toils of past years has brought to the hearts and homes, the bodies and souls, the persons and families of thousands and thousands up and down the world.

"But the use of the target can be abused," someone suggests. "Most certainly it can," I reply. But where is the good thing that cannot? Nay, where is the good thing that is not here and there perverted from being a blessing to being a curse?

But we are not aiming at the target, my comrades, will use it lawfully and [illegible] the glory of our Lord and the blessing of the people for whom He died.

So now for the target. What shall be the outcome of the target of 1906? That is the question that is occupying the minds of the officers, soldiers, and friends of the Salvation Army just now.

For myself, I must confess to being on the tiptoe of expectation while I write. I have never had a doubt about the result of this year's Self-Denial Week. We cannot fail. Victory is sure, doubly sure. At least that is how I feel.

### THE CROWNING DAY.

Already in imagination I see the crowning day, when the final announcement will be made.

I see it in your corps. Everybary is there. Soldiers, seniors and juniors, friends old and friends new are present.

The Captain's face is covered with smiles, and the locals are looking comfortable and content, and the song is sung and the prayer offered and the blessing received and the list entered upon. And now they come to your name.

There is a pause, and then a chorus of loud "Amens!" that make you happy, because they proclaim the fact that—

You have smashed your target!

I see the crowning day when your Divisional Officer reckons up the product of the Self-Denial effort in his command. Dear fellow, he has worked and prayed and believed more than ever in his life before for such an object.

But it is all right. He is amply rewarded. The announcement has given him unspeakable satisfaction.

He has smashed his target!

I see the crowning day in the offices of the Provincial Commander. He had thought his target was a little too high—beyond his reach, rather unreasonable. Indeed the Provincial Secretary and the Chancellor and the J. S. and several other of his officials said it would never be done.

But now look at the glow of satisfaction that comes over his countenance as the last column of figures is cast up. For, after all his gloomy fears,

He has smashed his target!

### WHAT WILL THE TOTAL BE?

The claims connected with the upkeep of the war in Japan, and India, and Java, and South America, and Jamaica, and the dark countries of Europe, and the Social and the Rescue, and I know not what, loom up continually.

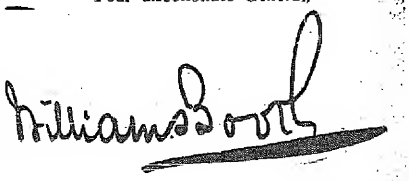
How can these requirements, grow and growing every day, be met as the blessed work keeps on advancing? How will this year's Self-Denial turn out? That is the question of questions.

And now once more I feel as though I could see the blessed Saviour smile His "Well done smile," and hear Him say, "For the love of My Father, and in compassion for the souls I purchased on the tree, and in pity for the starving and naked, and those who are in the dark prison houses of vice and crime without a friend and without a hope, the precious Salvation Army has once more

### SMASHED HER TARGET!"

No, that is not all. The General must come in somewhere, and here in anticipation is a loud and long "Amen!" from him. Hear him. He says, "Once more, by the blessing of the Almighty and the desperate effort of every soldier in the ranks, the Army's Self-Denial Fund will this year surpass all previous records.

Your affectionate General,



## TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS.

The Commissioner's Winnipeg campaign will take place just a week later than the dates originally planned. This brief delay gives opportunity for larger plans, hopes, and faith for its great issues. Everybody pray.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," they say. Three West Ontario corps are the happy beneficaries this time! The Commisisoner will visit Palmerston on Friday, May 4th; Wallaceburg, Saturday, May 5th, and Chatham, Sunday, May 6th. In spite of the brief notice, our comrades in these parts will not be slack to take advantage of their privileges.

Another glorious "Day of Salvation and Holy Joy" is promised for Toronto Salvationists! What a happy lot of people we are! On May 24th there is to be a Great Field Day at Long Branch, the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs in command. A most enticing program of specialties is being prepared, commencing by the interesting ceremony of hoisting the flag at 11 a.m. Fuller particulars later.

Space forbids a detailed account of the farewell and wedding banquet given by the Commissioner in honor of Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, to which the Territorial Staff were invited. Warmly appreciative speeches of our departing comrades were not lacking. Departmental heads tendered their loving tributes of affection and esteem in which the whole of the Staff united. The next morning, at 9 a.m. a goodly number gathered at the Depot for a last handshake and God-speed.

Five comrades have donned the white S's this week. Congratulations to the new Ensigns! Red braid adorns our worthy Editorial assistant also! May our late Editor's mantle of efficiency and resource fall upon him!

## A Motor Campaign in Britain

**To Precede the General's Tour to Japan.**

In a previous issue we announced that our veteran leader, who has just celebrated his 77th birthday, contemplates in October a visit to Japan. Further cause for wonderment at his marvelous energy and indomitable spirit is furnished by the fact that he has decided upon a third British motor campaign.

This time the General will start amid the Highlands of Scotland. He will leave Inverness in his famous white car on Monday, July 30th, and finish at Plymouth on Wednesday, Aug. 29th. The line of progression will be through a part of the country hitherto untouched by previous motor expeditions. Motherwell, Wigan, Bath, and Boscombe are the favored centres for the respective Sundays. The General will be accompanied by Commissioner A. M. Nicol.

The visit to Japan has long been cherished by our precious leader, for the Land of the Rising Sun occupies a prominent place in his regard. If possible, he will travel by way of Siberia; otherwise he will go via Canada and the United States, holding a few meetings on the way, and returning either through India or South Africa.

# CORPS REPORTS.

**BELLEVILLE. The Band Does Well.** Our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Turner, was with us for the week-end, and conducted a meeting in the jail with the convicts. They were deeply impressed, and several held up their hands to be prayed for. On Monday evening our worthy and capable Bandmaster gave us a magnificent musical festival, which everybody enjoyed, and during which Brigadier Turner commissioned the bandsmen. Although the band has not been organized very long it has made some desperate strides, and everybody in Belleville enjoys their music. After such a treat they wound up with a cake and coffee social. We all heartily join in saying, "Brigadier, come again, and Bandmaster, give us another one shortly like that.—M. Parks.

**BRANTFORD. Fifteen Souls.** Easter meetings were a good success. Brigadier Southall conducted an excellent service on Good Friday, and gave a very instructive and faith-strengthening address, which put us right into a spirit of hopefulness for our Sunday's meetings, which were conducted by Mrs. Major Creighton. We saw fifteen souls at the penitent form, and took in $38. There were seventy-six on the march on Easter Sunday, and eighty-nine at knee-drill. We sold out 515 Easter War Crys *easily*, and ordered more from one of our corps in the District.—H. C. Keadall.

**BROCKVILLE.** We have said good-bye to our officers, Ensign O'Neil and Lieut. Armstrong, who have been with us for ten months. They were a great blessing to us all, and did a good work while in Brockville. We have welcomed into our midst our new officers, Ensign and Mrs. Creed, two blood-and-fire Salvationists. They are all on fire for God, and we are believing for some great times in the near future.—Lizzie White.

**CALGARY. Led to Pray in a Pool-Room.** After the close of a good salvation meeting, our officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Byers, felt led of God to go to the pool-room and talk and pray with the young men. They did so, and the following Sunday night a young man came to our meeting. He was a drunkard, a real tough case. As the Adjutant spoke from God's Word the young man asked if God could save a drunkard. The Adjutant told him Christ could break every fetter, and he came and got saved. Feeling he needed a second work of grace he knelt again, and was saved and sanctified all the same night, and, praise God, he is getting on grand. We have had several good cases of late, and are believing for greater things. We also had Staff-Capt. McLean and Envoy Hodges for a week-end. Their visit was much appreciated.—Gladie.

**CATALINA. Ninety-six Since New Year.** Since New Year ninety-six have given God their heart, and among them are twenty-four juniors. God bless their little hearts. We are believing for a bigger shower in the future. Capt. Ebsary has proved a blessing to us. Our faith runs higher for greater things.—Burgden.

**CHATHAM, N.B. A Moonlight Drive.** On Monday evening officers, comrades, and friends drove to Loggeville, some miles below, and conducted a meeting there. As for kneeling in the middle of the road, this could not be considered at all, and we certainly had our ups and downs before we arrived at the Temperance Hall, where the service was held. The attention and order were good and the meeting enjoyed by all. The night was a clear, moonlight one, making the drive home most enjoyable.—C. Reeves.

**DAUPHIN. How Conviction Comes to Some.** The battle is still raging here, and several more have come over on the Lord's side. One young man dropped into our barracks the other night to spend half an hour, but the spirit of the Lord took hold of him that night, and before he could go to bed he had to make his peace with God. Sisters Brown and Willis took the meeting the other night, which was very interesting, and several were under deep conviction, but would not yield to God. Bros. White and Steckley took the meeting the following night, and one soul consecrated himself afresh to God. Staff-Capt. McLean has come and gone. His service was enjoyed by all, and a number are asking to have him back.

**DOG BAY.** Thank God, we are having some good times here during this season. Although no souls have come to Christ lately, yet God is blessing us wonderfully. Soldiers and converts are all on fire, and we are believing for a revival. Sinners will have to turn and seek Christ. Sorry to say that our Captain has been taken away. God bless him. We have Lieut. L. Canning now. May God crown his labors with success.—S. J. Pike.

**FENELON FALLS. Seven Souls.** Since our last report seven precious souls have sought and found Jesus. Last week-end two young men and a sister volunteered for salvation, also the young *son* of one of the men. They are all taking their stand for God. We are having some lovely meetings, and everything is on the up-grade.—Bump.

**GANANOQUE. Fifty-Two Souls.** We are glad to report that our ranks are swelling. During the past three months, while Capts. Wood and Adsit have had charge, we have seen fifty-two souls at the penitent form. Out of that number we can count on thirty good soldiers. We have had already a number enrolled. We have had a visit from Brigadier Turner, which we all enjoyed very much, and say, "Come again, Brigadier." On Sunday Capt. Adsit farewelled for Ottawa. Our hall was packed to the doors and many turned away. While the Captain spoke many were in tears. Two souls surrendered, and on Wednesday night two more. Wednesday night soldiers' and converts' farewell tea, at which fifty-five attended to say good-bye to the Captain. We shall miss him very much. Our meetings are well attended and collections are away up. We are still going in for victory. "God and souls," is our motto.—Live Oak.

**GREENSPOND. Two Souls.** Our faith runs high, and we are believing for a mighty out-pouring of the Holy Spirit in the near future. Two precious souls came forward last week and claimed pardon. Some of our friends have lately farewelled for the ice fields, many being late converts. Our prayer is that God may keep them true and bring them in with glory in their souls. Since Adjt. and Mrs. Hiscock have been stationed here they have proved a mighty blessing to us all. They are full of faith and sympathy for dying souls. May God still bless their labors among us.—Jacko.

**HAMILTON II.** Since our new officers have come amongst us we have seen many cry to God for pardon. Many are convicted of sin, and last week two sought salvation. We are having good times and expect to see many more. God is very near to us and victory is ours.—H. C.

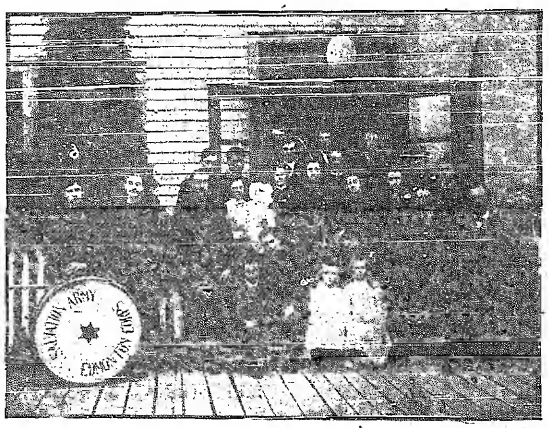
**HANT'S HARBOR. Seven Souls.** God's power was made manifest on Sunday night, and the Kingdom extended by seven precious souls. May God bless and keep them faithful.—C.-C. A. L. J.

**KINGSVILLE. Seventy on the March.** The corps was in full force on Easter morning, when, in spite of the rain, seventy were on the march and 120 to the meeting inside. God came very near and we had a wonderful meeting. Things are looking up all around.—G. Cascadden.

**LIPPINCOTT ST. A Morning March.** The tide is rising here, and the Easter week-end was a real good time of blessing, resulting in the surrender of many souls to a new life with Christ. On Saturday night, after a bright and happy meeting we rejoiced to see the wife of our dear Treasurer fully surrender herself to God. At 7 a.m. on Easter Sunday a rousing march around the streets took place, about thirty persons taking part in it. In the morning holiness meeting God came very near and blessed us. Amongst those who testified were two of our recent converts. The story of Eastertide was very forcibly dealt with by Staff-Capt. Sinico, resulting in five comrades coming forward to claim more of the power of His resurrection. Throughout the day this earnest spirit was maintained, and faith was high for the evening meeting. The remarks of Adjt. Collier helped considerably in leading the congregation to a point of decision, and Adjt. Habkirk told of a risen Saviour in the language of a soul on fire. It took some time for the wounded souls present to come to a point of surrender, but at last a loud shout announced that victory was on our side, and two juniors led the way to the penitent form. They were followed by two sisters, and at length seven souls were seeking salvation, and one comrade, moved mightily by this manifestation of the working of God's Spirit, came to claim power for service. On Easter Monday the band visited the Esther St. comrades. The Broadway Hall had been secured for the occasion, and a splendid concert was given. Their efforts were much appreciated, and a cordial invitation was given for a return visit. The Woodman's solo caused one brother to roll off his seat with laughter, and everyone certainly had a genuine evening of enjoyment.

**LOUISBURG. St. Mark Sings a Solo.** We have had the famous Variety Band with us for a week-end. The band is in charge of Ensign Weir, assisted by the two Conners and St. Mark. The musical selections were excellent, the best heard here for a long time. Bro. Conners, Jr., played the bagpipes on the violin, accompanied by his father on the flute. Ensign Weir was at his best, and one of his solos, "The devil often overshoots his mark," went with a swing. St. Mark's solo was much enjoyed, also the singing of the McLean Sisters. We are in for victory in Louisburg, and you can depend upon us getting our target for Self-Denial.—Mack.

**NEW ABERDEEN. Saved by a Song.** Things are moving in the right way in this part of the battlefield, under the able command of Capt. Jones. Backsliders are coming home to God. One man stood up, took off his overcoat and came and got saved while Bandsman Nosworthy was singing a solo.—Nixey.



Edmonton Corps.

**NEWCASTLE, N.B.**—On March 29th we welcomed to our corps Capts. Hamilton and Glen. Since that time our meetings have been well attended, and the interest, as well as the crowds, are on the increase. God's presence has been made manifest in the salvation of four souls. On Tuesday, April 3rd, three sisters came forward and received pardon, and on Sunday, April 8th, a sister returned to her Father's house. Meetings all last week were times of much blessing. Capt. Hamilton's practical, earnest talks on holiness cannot fail to infuse new life and zeal in every one, and we pray that the power of the Holy Ghost shall be made manifest in the life of every soldier. May God bless our sisters who have lately found Him, and keep us all good and true. Capt. Glen's singing is very much appreciated by all, both in the barracks and on the street. God grant he shall be the means of singing many into the Kingdom.—Fanny.

**OTTAWA I. Staff-Capt. Moore at the Front.** Just recently Staff-Captain Moore paid this corps his first visit as Chancellor of the E. O. Province, and a very welcome and inspiring season it was to all. The Staff-Capt. began his special series of meetings by giving twenty years' experience in the S.-A. war. Taking a text of Scripture as a foundation, he related God's wondrous leadings and dealings with him in the different corps and positions in which he was placed, and the grand victories achieved by trusting God. The result of that experience should lead us all to live closer to God. The Staff-Captain plunged right in to work, open-air and inside, and led us in a good spiritual fight for God and souls throughout his stay here. At the holiness service, 11 a.m. Sunday, a great lesson was taught us from Moses' call at the burning bush. We saw how God, through willing individuals, can stir nations and work what seems impossible things. Sunday afternoon No. II. corps was visited, and in the evening the Staff-Captain spoke on Lot's wife and her disobedience and the result. The truth was faithfully given and pressed on the attention of the people, and in the prayer meeting one soul sought salvation, while many acknowledged they were sinners but went away unhappy. We are praying still for them and will expect the Staff-Captain to soon come again. Four souls at the cross and S.-M. Colley, of Montreal I., with us on previous Sunday, cheering us by the wayside by his experiences.

**PALMERSTON. Two Souls.** We had a hard day's fight day Sunday, commencing with an early march drill. Two souls were captured. Now w

in for the Self-Denial effort. We mean to get our target by the help of God.—C., Cor.

**PICTON.** **Got a New Hall.** We have moved into the old Ross Hall, our old hall not being large enough to accommodate the crowds. Our officers worked hard to get the hall in order and fixed up-to-date. Our Treasurer, Bro. Ackerman has farewelled and gone to Saskatoon, and our dear officers, Ensign Sheard and Captain Davis, have gone on a much-needed furlough. A hearty welcome awaits them on their return. In the meantime we expect Capt. Ash to supply. God bless the Captain. One of our bandsmen, Bro. Burkett, has also left us. During our officers' stay in Picton (nearly two months) we have had the pleasure of leading nearly one hundred forward. Our company meetings have also increased, and finances have gone up from four dollars weekly to nearly treble.—Annie Wood, Corps-Cadet.

**PRINCE ALBERT.** **Seven Souls.** We have had seven souls out for salvation since last report. Staff-Capt. McLean with us for the week-end with the moving pictures, which were quite a treat for Prince Albert. People in Prince Albert know a good thing when they see it, and they say this was all right.—Bartlett.

**ST. JOHN 1.** **Hot Firing.** We had a very special meeting on Wednesday night, when a number of officers from outside corps told of battles fought and victories won. It made us feel glad that we belonged to God and the Army. As Colonel Sharp read from God's Word and sent forth some good Gospel shot the sinners must have felt a hard time. After the last shot had been fired several came to the mercy seat for healing, and the Great Physician healed them all.

**ST. JOHN'S III.** **Trades Unions and Salvation.** Capt. Loveless has gone to another part of the vineyard. We pray that God will richly bless her. Her sister, Lieut. Loveless is now in charge, and is leading us on beautifully. We had a trades union meeting on Thursday night for the first time, representing only a few trades. It was indeed a success. At the close we wound up with one soul in the fountain.—Will Morgan.

**ST. THOMAS.** **Three Souls.** We had Evangelist Timmers, of Detroit, with us for the week-end. We started early for a good day. At six o'clock on Sunday morning we had a knee-drill, and quite a number turned out, in spite of the rain. We had about fifty to knee-drill. It did our souls good to be there. We had a good open-air in the afternoon, and quite a crowd gathered to listen to the singing and testimonies. The night was a crowning time. The barracks was completely crowded and we even had to bring some chairs out of the quarters for the people to sit on. Adjt. Wallbridge read the lesson and Evangelist Timbers sang a few songs and heard a few testimonies, and at the close of the meeting we saw three souls for salvation. On Easter Monday night we had a musical meeting of the first quality.—A. Crokett.

**SELKIRK.** **Four Souls.** Our souls were made glad on Sunday night last by seeing four precious souls weeping at the foot of the cross. God is working in our midst. The officers, Capt. Edna Irwin and Lieut. Griffiths, with the comrades, are going in with all their souls for the salvation of Selkirk's people.—Arthur Pruden.

**SOO, ONT.** **Six Souls.** Prayer is being answered. God's Spirit is moving His own people, and they are praying and dealing out eternal truths as never before. At the evangelistic services held in the churches many are turning to God, and in our little corner (the street corner included) the power is falling. This was seen in the liberation of six souls on Saturday night. More later on.—Kate W. Ritchie, Ensign.

**SOUTH WEST ARM.** **One Soul.** We are still on the up-line fighting for God and right. We have had a visit from Ensign Brace and Capt. Bowering, from Bridgewater, which proved a great blessing to all. The barracks was well filled, the locals were commissioned, and we had the joy of seeing one soul at the cross.—S. T.

**SUMMERSIDE.** **An Answered Prayer.** In our last Sunday night meeting two young men held up their hands to be prayed for. How long we believe they will be saved. Capt. Hobb and Lieut. G. Dingle have come to labor in our midst. We are agitating for getting a new drum, which is badly needed. Mrs. Hinton, whom we have been praying for, is much improved in health. To God be the glory. On the eve of Lieut. Stoddard's departure we held a gramophone service, to help him to his traveling, and succeeded in getting a good crowd. The people around here are looking out for Self-Denial, which is shortly to take place, and which we hope will be a success.—Ava Wilson, Drummer.

**VANCOUVER, B.C.** **Six Recruits Enrolled.** Since our last report several more souls have sought and found pardon from their many sins. We are enjoying blessed times for which we give God the glory. We had the pleasure of having with us for a few weeks Mrs. Jackson (formerly Capt. Kaip), from Calgary. We enjoyed her stay with us very much. She took a prominent part in the meetings and we are sure has been made a blessing. Come again, Mrs. Jackson. The Scribe is very sorry that, owing to several weeks' absence, mention of Mrs. Jackson's visit was not made earlier. We had an enrolment of six recruits last night.

## East Ontario Councils.

Officers and Locals Meet at Montreal and Have an Inspiring and Profitable Time.

Friday was a day looked forward to by the officers, and they were keenly gathered together in the Jubilee Hall, Montreal, for special prayers were sent up on behalf of the day's efforts. Divisional Officer Turner was supported by a number of Staff Officers, including Adjts. Alward and Wakefield, of Winnipeg, who were in Toronto to meet the Kensington party for the West. Words of inspiration and blessing were received from the following officers: Ensign Edwards, who, by the way, is on his farewell trip around the Province, took for his subject, "Confidence in each other." Ensign Barry spoke to us on "Victory." We were then favored with a duet from Adjutant Gosling and Capt. Belliveau, our French officers. Adjt. Orchard's talk on "The Fire," was soul-thrilling. Adjt. Bourne, in charge of our rescue work, whose love and devotion for her work was stronger than ever before. Capt. Hill also spoke on the unity of heart and head officers, which he said was ever increasing year by year. Staff-Capt. McAmmond on "Character of a local officer." P. S.-M. Towns, of Montreal II, then sang a solo. Sergt. Boggs, of Montreal I, and J. S. S.-M. Taylor, of Montreal II., spoke of their great blessing and pleasure in their sphere of work. Adjt. Wakefield's solo, "Deeper yet," really did go deep and brought forth holy emotion. Then followed the introduction of our new Chancellors, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Moore, who spoke of the beautiful spirit which prevailed among the officers of the Province. The Staff-Captain spoke of God's power, which we must all have in order to obtain success.

The afternoon meeting, for officers only, was very interesting and soul-inspiring. Ensign Gillam, who was leaving for a few weeks' furlough, spoke on "Heart Consecration." This the Ensign not only believes in, but carries it out in everyday life. Ensign and Mrs. Gosling sang, "Nearer My Home." Staff-Capt. Moore's remarks on personal dealing and consecration were straight and to the point. Staff-Capt. Cleghorn brought forth some splendid pointers on open-air workers. The Brigadier then took up the sword and thrust it up to the hilt, taking for his subject, "Take Heed." Our personal influence was dealt with in no mean way, and we were all led to realize more than ever the importance of our actions and the influence of our lives on others. The council closed with a fresh consecration on behalf of each officer.

"Three Hours at the Cross," was the subject announced for the evening, and truly it was so. Adjt. Orchard's talk on "Holiness and Half-Heartedness," struck the key-note for the evening. Capt. Ash soloed. Staff-Capt. McAmmond testified to a faithful service of over twenty years' salvation war. The Brigadier spoke from John xx. 24-25. Thomas wanted to know and ascertain for himself as to the truth of Christ's personality and resurrection by seeing and feeling. So to-day men want to know the surety of things, and as Thomas put Christ to the test, so men will put to the test all who will live Godly in Christ Jesus. As the Brigadier dealt out these truths, by faith we viewed Calvary's scene afresh, the sufferings of Christ, His willingness to save and keep all who will meet the conditions of the cross, and deep conviction settled upon the crowd as the prayer meeting was entered into. At the close fourteen knelt for consecration and salvation.—Erastus.

## Eastern Items.

By Ranger.

About sixteen years ago I was in the habit of giving your readers some idea of what was going on in the Territorial Field, but having been taking a long rest, but I will try once more to furnish you with information of the war in this part of the battlefield.

The recent councils at Halifax I., led by Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, assisted by Major Phillips, Adjt. Cave, Capt. Riley, and about forty field officers, were times of rich spiritual blessing, in which nearly fifty souls sought salvation and sanctification. Following these meetings, the soldiers of Halifax I. were favored with a week-end visit from two of their old leaders, Staff-Capt. McGillivray and Mrs. Staff-Capt. Fraser. The former is in Halifax in connection with Immigration matters, while the latter on Sunday told a crowded meeting of the work that is being done for the inmates of the Toronto Prisons.

Mrs. Fraser has just buried her father, and in this bereavement she has the sympathy of her many friends throughout the Province.

Recent farewells have effected several stations in this District. Ensign Clark, of Windsor, comes to Halifax I., to assist Adjt. Wiggins, being followed by Windsor by Ensign Sabine and Capt. Payne. Capt. Bissenthwaite (the beloved of Halifax I.) takes command of Liverpool. Capt. and Mrs. Hargrove have charge of Halifax II., in succession to Capt. and Mrs. Smith, who have gone to Westville, Dartmouth falls to the lot of Capt. and Mrs. Ogilvie. May the dear Lord abundantly bless them.

Adjt. Wiggins is overworked. Between Immigration, District, and Corps work he has little time to sleep, and less time to eat! If the present strain continues much longer he may grow thin. Poor Adjutant!

I hear rumors of additions and improvements in connection with the Rescue Home. Our earnest hope is that it will end in something more tangible than rumors, and "the sooner the quicker!"

## Farewell of Major and Mrs. Rawling

FROM VANCOUVER.

We had good, rousing meetings all day on Sunday, conducted by Major and Mrs. Rawling, assisted by Staff-Capt. Hay, Capt. Johnstone, from Victoria, and others. At knee-drill forty-eight were present, being about double the usual attendance. The Major was in good form and we had a soul-refreshing time. At the holiness meeting Mrs. Rawling spoke very nicely and forcibly on the faith that leads in the dark. The Major took for his lesson a few verses in the 12th chapter of Romans. The Spirit of God was manifest in all our meetings, especially in the evening, when six souls sought and found pardon.

A farewell supper was given in the barracks by the comrades. About two hundred took part and showed their friendship and good will towards our departing D. O. and family, after which speeches were delivered expressing esteem for and regret at their early departure. Bandmaster Crawshaw spoke eloquently on behalf of the band, Mrs. Lewis (J. S. S.-M.) for J. S. work and lassies. Capt. Knudson also expressed regrets and lauded the good work done since the coming of the Major amongst us. Captain Johnstone spoke for Victoria. Capt. and Mrs. Sainsbury, for Westminster; Ensign Wilson, Nanaimo; Staff-Capt. Hay, Industrial Work; Staff-Capt. Jost, Rescue Work; Adjt. E. Hayes spoke very feelingly and appreciatively of the departing comrades on behalf of soldiers and Vancouver friends. Major and Mrs. Rawling much appreciated the good will shown to them by the comrades and their many friends in Vancouver. They touched a little on what their hopes and expectations had been, and also plans they had formed for their work here, and deeply regretted that they had to leave before they were permitted to see these hopes fully realized. They also regretted leaving beautiful Vancouver so soon at the call of duty, but we pray that the Lord will continue to make them a blessing wherever they go, and that we may have the pleasure of meeting them again. We shall also miss Corps-Cadet Horwood, who goes with them. She has proved a blessing while here. The meeting closed by singing "God be with you till we meet again." God bless you, Major and Mrs. Rawling and Cadet, the prayers and good wishes of Vancouver corps are with you.—H. N. M. N.

## P. H. Q. Specials at Yarmouth.

Together with Capt. Ritchie, the writer got word at 5.30 a.m. on Saturday morning to proceed to Yarmouth for the week-end meetings. After crossing the Bay of Fundy on the S.S. Yarmouth we took dinner with Ensign Prince and Capt. Wyld, at Digby, and reached Yarmouth at 5 p.m. We were met at the station by Capt. Long, who is resting here.

A good crowd gathered for the open-air. Some fiery testimonies were given. Capt. Ritchie sang a solo, which drew the crowd up closer, wondering no doubt what had struck the town. The inside meeting was a blessed time in several ways. A splendid crowd of very attentive listeners made up the audience. Capt. and Mrs. Kirk were on the platform and gave testimonies of no uncertain sound. The Captain has been recruiting his strength for some time. At the close an old lady sought salvation.

Sunday was one of God's beautiful days, which gave us every opportunity of having good open-air meetings.

Yarmouth can boast of some real warriors of over twenty years' standing. The soldiers and friends are enthusiastic over their handsome new property, which is a credit to the town. Ensign Sabine and Capt. Payne have just farewelled and gone to Windsor. Capts. Redmond and Greenslade are taking command, and we bespeak for the Captains a very prosperous stay.—Burning Bush.

## Easter Blessings.

From all round the city of Toronto come good reports of the Easter meetings. Sixteen souls came on at Lippincott for salvation and sanctification. Riverdale saw four seeking pardon, and the Temple seven. At Toronto Junction, where the Commissioner conducted two large meetings, eleven souls came forward.

Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin were at London for Easter Sunday, and had splendid meetings, seeking several souls at the mercy seat.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Attwell very much enjoyed their visit to Hamilton. They had some splendid meetings, especially in the open-air, and saw three souls at the mercy seat.

Adjt. Owen visited Parry Sound, and reports good times—crowds and finances above the average.

Ensign Bloss was at Stratford, where they had a march out at 6 a.m., with a full band. He gave a lantern service on Monday night, which was well attended. Two souls sought Christ.

Capt. Lightbourne journeyed all the way to Sturgeon Falls, and spent an enjoyable week-end. An ice cream social was held. Two souls surrendered. One young man, on his way to the lumber camps, came to the quarters on Monday morning and gave up his pipe, tobacco, and a whiskey bottle. The Captain gave a talk on the Islands of Bermuda.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Miller went to Galt, and report one good case of conversion. Some splendid meetings were held. The Staff-Captain gave an address on "The Easter Lilies," and Mrs. Miller spoke on "The Open Door." The also had the pleasure of enrolling five recruits.

# God-Speed to the Fatherland!

## FINAL FAREWELL OF LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. FRIEDRICH AT THE TEMPLE, CONDUCTED BY THE COMMISSIONER — SORROW MINGLED WITH JOY—ENSIGNS LEMON AND TUDGE UNITED UNDER THE FLAG.

The Temple auditorium was crowded to excess, and still the expectant people thronged, anxious to be present at this important and unique service. A wedding and farewell! How strange do earth's joys and sorrows co-mingle, as the Commissioner reminded us.

"I'm glad I'm ready, waiting with the wedding garment on," was sung with gusto under Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin's leadership.

Prayer and song followed freely, and then we were privileged to hear Commissioner Cadman, whose presence was a happy coincidence, and added enjoyment to the proceedings. The "Salvation Admiral," as he has been lovingly called, rendered a worthy appreciation of the bridegroom, having crossed the briny with him three times within five weeks, and seen him under all conditions and circumstances! In his own inimitable style, Commissioner Cadman told of the triumphs God had given him during the brief interval which had elapsed since his former visit. At New York, on the return journey, and again all the way across the ocean on the Kensington's second trip, God had been showering blessings upon him, and permitting him to see souls saved.

After the Male Quartet's beautiful rendering (by request) "Is He Yours?" our own Commissioner spoke feelingly on Colonel Friedrich's long and faithful service in Canada and the new prospects before him in the important position assigned to him of the oversight of Salvation Army literature in Germany. That great country is holding open almost unlimited doors of service to Salvationists. Berlin alone has twenty-six corps, and the Army is held in increasingly high regard since its aims and methods are more generally understood.

"I have known the Colonel," said the Commissioner, "from his early-days' officership in this country, and Mrs. Friedrich since her maidenhood. They are children of the Army. Our love goes with them and our prayers will follow them. Both have fought a good fight."

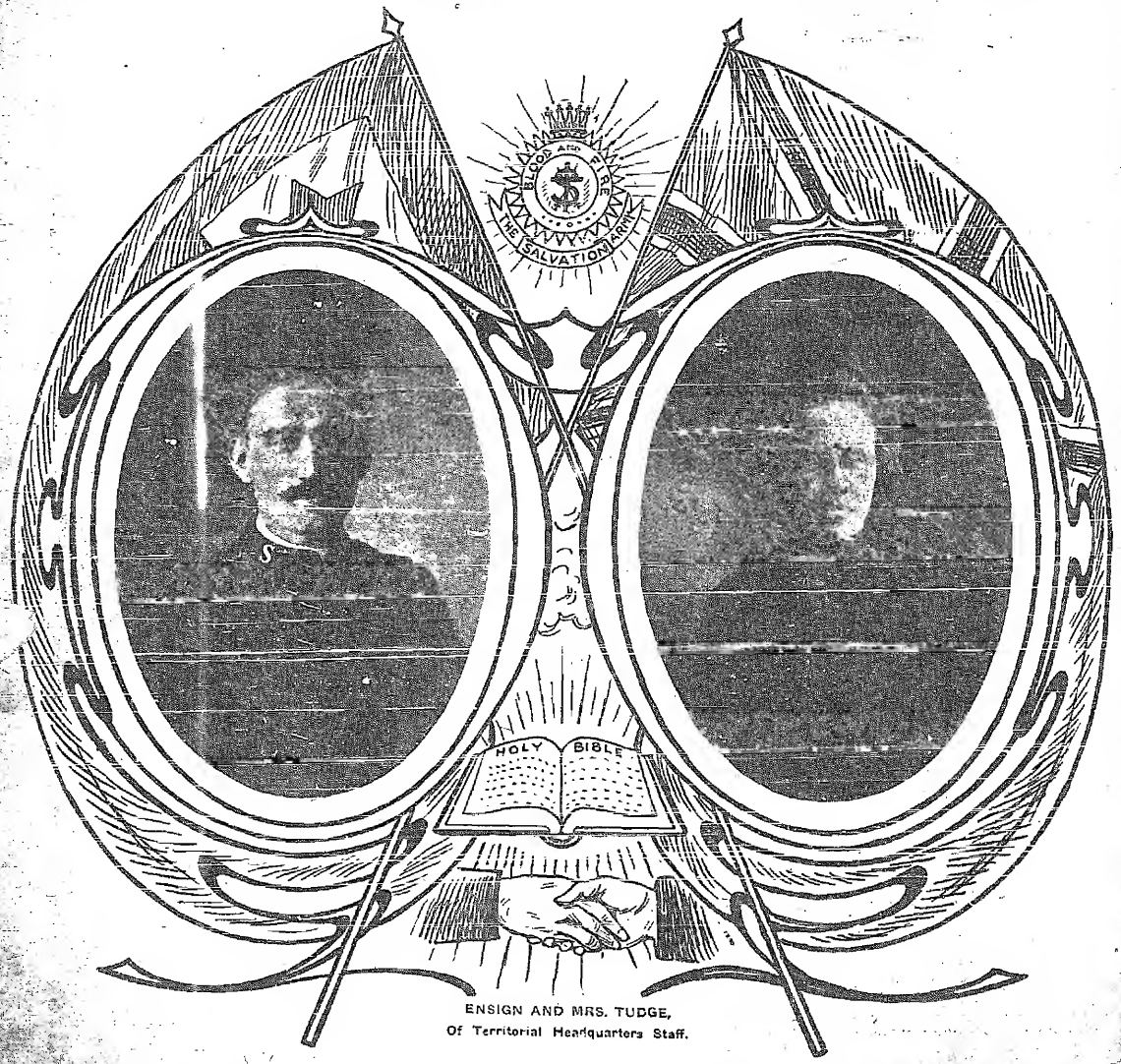
Mrs. Colonel Friedrich's reply was essentially that of a warm, womanly heart and a genuine Salvationist. To her leaving Canada means a great deal, but she goes forth believing that God is in the new appointment, and trusting in Him, nothing doubting. It was a joy to her to be able to see her dear sister married before she leaves.

### The Colonel's Last Words.

The great audience gave the Colonel a real ovation as he rose, and although his address was brief, it was punctuated throughout by many manly, noble words with a good salvation ring. He told us how, deep in his heart, although seldom acknowledged, there had long been a hope that some day God would permit him to take part in the Army's work in his Fatherland. Years ago he had gone so far as to volunteer for Austria, and the General had tested him then, with that merry yet keen twinkle in his eye as to his willingness to fight in Germany itself. He had replied in the affirmative, but years rolled on and still he held on his way on Canada's wide battlefield.

He took us back to the place where God had met him through the Army, in Winnipeg, and completely changed his life-career. Although ambitious of worldly gain and success, and prosperous in its search, his soul was wretched and dissatisfied.

Very briefly the Colonel touched also on a




ENSIGN AND MRS. TUDGE,
Of Territorial Headquarters Staff.

AN INDIAN LADY LOOKING FROM THE ZENANA WINDOW.

few of the reminiscences of previous councils, meetings, and comrades of days gone by. Canada will ever maintain her place in his heart, and in conclusion his well-known wit revealed itself by the assertion that twenty-one years ago he came out to this country "single," but is now returning "seven strong!"

Prior to reading

**The Articles of Marriage**

the Commissioner called for a selection from the band, followed by the vocal rendering of the Shepherd Psalm, in place of its quotation in the usual form of marriage service. That old veteran, Staff-Capt. Manton, then raised the flag, and most impressively was the solemn, sacred service performed by the Commissioner, which made our dear comrades, Ensigns Lemmon and Tudge, man and wife. His first act, when the responses had been so clearly pronounced that even those in the remote corners of the top gallery could hear distinctly, was to kneel with them in prayer, lovingly and earnestly commending them to God in all their future life-service.

The bride's testimony might be summed up as simple, effective, and fervent, to God's saving power manifested to her since early childhood.

Several telegrams of congratulation were read before Ensign Tudge's opportunity to speak for himself came. When it did he appeared to be "all there!" In a few natural expressions he praised God for His goodness and testified to the realization of a personal salvation. "We want to do our duty," said he, "as officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army."

The meeting was not concluded before several were kneeling at the mercy seat, offering their lives as Candidates for officership, and one dear man claimed pardon for his sins.

## Our Progress in India.

In India we have a wide scope for our missionary operations. From the Himalayas to Ceylon are to be found fourteen separate nationalities amongst whom we are working. Eleven distinct languages are spoken, and six elaborate religions have their hold upon the mass of the people. From these details some idea of the extensive and varied character of our work will be realized.

Our educational opportunities are great. We have 438 day schools, with an attendance of about 10,000 scholars. We are now able to provide our own teachers from pupils taught in the schools. The schools are opened with prayer and a hymn; the children learn one verse of the Bible by heart every week, and also a small part of the Army's Directory.

We have nine Industrial Schools in various parts of India, composed of children rescued from the famine. They are being educated and taught industries, such as cloth and carpet weaving and boot-making. The boys also do gardening, while the girls perform domestic duties.

Medical work has been done in India for some time by our officers. Our first organized effort was the "Catherine Booth" Hospital, at Nagercoil, opened in 1903. The work is principally amongst out-patients, of whom 2,543 were treated in one months. At the Emery Hospital, Gujerat, the surgeon in charge treated 22,465 patients in eight months.

Our Social and Relief work is being carried on amongst the agricultural population.

To relieve the peasants from the clutches of the money-lenders, we have in operation twenty-two Village Banks. There are many villages built on bad sites, and a scheme is on foot to purchase good land and advance the people 700 rupees at a low rate of interest, which they would repay in four years.

Village Settlements are also being developed—we hope to have model villages to which to point as an object-lesson.

Our three Rescue Homes are doing a splendid work. The girls are taught sewing, by which means they earn a proportion of their maintenance. The Homes are always full, and the caste difficulty has been overcome.

We have 1,700 native officers, including teachers and Cadets. Does not this show that our comrades have not toiled in vain?

## Jamaica Farm Colony

**For Neglected Boys and First Offenders.**

The magnificent work accomplished by the Army among the State children of Australia has often been warmly commended by the Governors and statesmen of the Commonwealth.

We learn that a similar work is now to be started in Jamaica, the arrangements for the lease of a farm for the purpose being now practically completed.

There has long been a crying need for such an institution in the West Indies, and many planters and merchants have expressed a wish that the Army should take up the question. Both the penitentiaries in Jamaica are full to the utmost capacity, so much so that on one occasion a number of well-conducted prisoners were discharged before the expiration of their sentences in order to make room for new-comers. Most of the prisoners are youths, and many of the older ones began a career of idleness and crime in boyhood.

The farm that Colonel Lindsay is arranging to lease, with the option of purchase, is situated at Wakefield, nineteen miles from Kingston, the capital, and five hundred feet above sea-level.

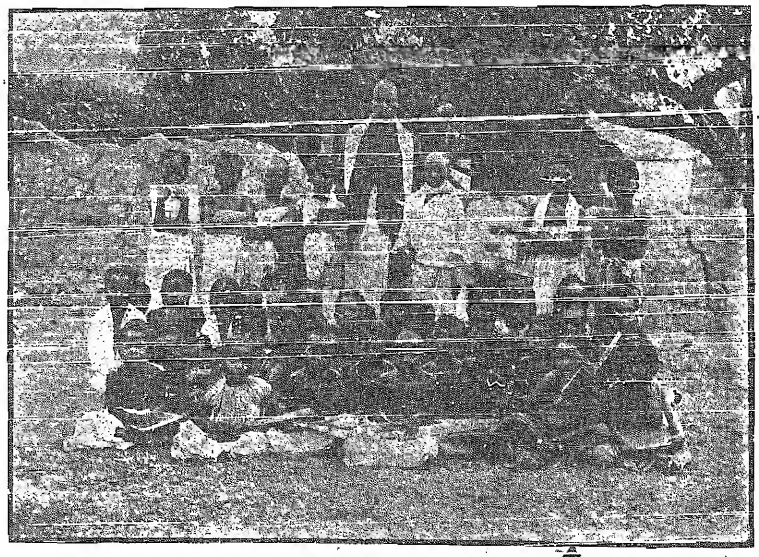
It contains 310 acres, the greater portion of which is woodland and pasture. On the farm, which is well-equipped with dwelling houses and all necessary buildings, there are 3,060 coco-nut trees, one acre of orange trees, half an acre of chocolate, ten acres of bananas, besides bread-fruit, coffee, and other fruit trees.

It is intended to accommodate about forty boys for the start. These lads will be employed mainly in connection with the dairy and the cultivation of the farm, and they will also receive training as carpenters, bootmakers, and tailors.

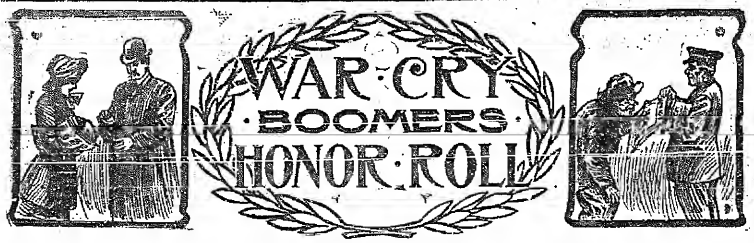
## The Chief of the Staff on Self-Denial

"The effort is stamped with the hall mark of unselfishness. That is its charm, that is its hold on the hearts and minds of every collector, every donor. The corps whose funds are low, and whose bills are unpaid, goes in for raising all it can just as earnestly, as if the proceeds were to take away its own burdens. The soldier girl, whose hours are long, and whose pay is so mean that she has hard work to get through the last days of the week without being dreadfully hungry, prays and pleads and plods from door to door, wearing out her only pair of shoes with terrible haste, just as anxiously as if the money was going to replenish her own scanty wardrobe, or add to her own paltry wages."

"The maintenance of that beautiful and Christlike spirit unquestionably animates our dear people in all their efforts to raise this fund for the furtherance of the Kingdom of God. For no matter what particular form the self-denial of the individual takes, it is the soul of the thing that tells. And in truth there are many forms. Please do not suppose when you meet the uniform at the street corner, or find it begging at your house door, that going without butter and sugar is the height of self-sacrifice which the wearer has yet attained. That very fact of being at the street corner for one day probably involves a great deal more of real violence to self-pleasing and natural disposition than six months' sustenance on dry bread and water would entail!"



One of Our Indian Day Schools.




"I've had my eye on dis here column long enuf to be down-right interested in yer, my honeys, and seeing dat yer hab lost yer respected Editer, I don't mind trying my best fer to encourage yer darlin' hearts. Boomin' ain't just de easiest wuk in de world, and dem knows wat hab tried fer demselves; but, bless yer, we 'Vation Army peoples talk 'bout Self-Denial, sings ob it, an' preaches it mighty loud. 'Pears as if we ought ter praktise too, an' tak' up de cross willin' like!

Dere's a crown up yonder, an' I'se a gwine to be a kandidate for it! "De Lord knows my size," as Colonel Lawley sez, and your'n too, my pretty boomers! Jest you go on, as fast as yer can trot, an' sell dem Crys as if yer 'spected to mak yer fortune by 'em.

Dis week I see dat dere champion a' Montreal—"Mul-kle" dey calls 'im, I b'lave—hab took his own place agin, so I'll lave him "holding his own."—Aunt Sue.

### West Ontario Province.

48 Boomers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Adjt. Kendall, Brantford | 237 |
| P. S.-M. Mrs. Ward, London | 218 |
| Capt. Garside, Hespeler | 117 |
| Capt. Jones, London | 100 |
| Lieut. Waldroff, Tillsonburg | 100 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Walker, St. Thomas | 100 |
| Capt. Tiller, Wallaceburg | 100 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Hyde, Chatham | 100 |
| Capt. L. Pattenden, Guelph | 100 |

Capt. E. Pattenden, Guelph, 95; Mrs. Capt. Merritt, Leamington, 90; Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia, 85; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 85; Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 85; Capt. Askin, Goderich, 85.

80 Copies.—Capt. Horwood, Sarnia; Lieut. Harris, Norwich; Capt. Thompson, Capt. Gilleank, Galt; Lieut. McWilliams, Goderich.

70 and Over.—Mrs. Stratford, Stratford; Lieut. Dreisinger, Forest; Sergt. Norbury, London; Lieut. Debney, Paris; Mrs. Ensign Hancock, Simcoe; Lieut. Morris, Blenheim.

60 and Over.—Ensign Hancock, Simcoe; Captain Kitchen, Lieut. Cunningham, Strathroy; Capt. Cook, Bothwell; Lieut. Hemmion, Seaforth; Capt. Mercer, Clinton; Capt. Morwood, Listowel; Lieut. Turner, Palmerston.

50 and Over.—M[illegible], Capt. Sharpe, Essex; Mrs. Leller, Ingersoll; Ca[illegible] Crossman, Lieut. King, Dresden; C.-C. M. Tyndall, Chatham; C.-C. Nettie Laird, Essex; Sister Watt, Sister Horton, Ridgetown; Mrs. Lewis, Ingersoll; C[illegible]t. Kerswell, Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Kingsville; Sister Taylor, Wingham; Sergt. Wimble, Brantford; Staff-Capt. DesBrisay, London.

### East Ontario Province.

[illegible] Boomers.

| | |
|---|---|
| P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal I. | 305 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Ottawa I. | 170 |
| Lieut. Thompson, Smith's Falls | 160 |
| S.-M. Stevenson, Peterboro | 140 |
| Mary Massey, Kingston | 130 |
| P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I. | 125 |
| Capt. Salter, Quebec | 100 |

90 and Over.—Capt. Liddell, Port Hope; Cadet Du Feu, Belleville.

80 and Over.—Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.; Mrs. Staff-Capt. Perry, Belleville; Mrs. Gilbert, Pembroke; S.-M. Rogers, Montreal IV.; Capt. Allan, Cobourg; P. S.-M. Fraser, Montreal V.

70 and Over.—Sergt. Armstrong, Montreal I.; Cand. Mollidden, Ottawa I.; Ensign Owen, Lieut. Armstrong, Brockville.

60 and Over.—Lieut. Nelson, Morrisburg; Mrs. Ackerman, Mrs. Hutchinson, Jessie Ackerman, Picton; Lieut. Lawrence, Sherbrooke; Sister Lamb, Sister Harper, Montreal V.

50 and Over.—Father Greene, Peterboro; Lieut. Burchell, Sergt. Vancour, Sergt. Schnell, Sister Greenfield, Montreal I.; Sergt. E. Webber, Ottawa I.; P. S.-M. King, Napanee; Capt. Ash, Tweed; Brother Barrie, Montreal IV.; Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; Secretary McMillan, Sergt. Brown, Sergt. Barber, Kingston; Capt. Oldford, Iroquois; Ensign Gammaldge, Lieut. Simmons, Trenton; Capt. Penrod, Sherbrooke.

### Training Home Province.

20 Boomers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverdale | 160 |
| Sergt. Williams, Lippincott | 101 |
| Cadet Manion, Temple | 101 |
| Lieut. Patrick, Hamilton II. | 100 |

60 and Over.—Lieut. Plant, Feversham; Cadet McLaughlin, Temple; Capt. Varnell, Lieut. Yandaw, Dundas; Lieut. Allen, Captain Porter, Orangeville; Lieut. Lugger, Esther St.

50 and Over.—Cadet Bunton, Cadet Heberden, Lippincott; Lieut. Carey, Uxbridge; Sergt. Snelgrove, Cadet Sanderson, Parliament St.; Capt. Loder, Lieut. Wright, Newmarket; Sister Ida Long, Uxbridge; Mrs. Arnott, Esther St.

### New Ontario Division.

20 Boomers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capt. M. Wadge, Collingwood | 120 |
| Ensign Ritchie, Soo, Ont. | 110 |
| P. S.-M. Jones, Huntsville | 100 |
| Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Orillia | 100 |

Mrs. Herleyby, Barrie, 80; Lieut. Chalicom, Sturgeon Falls, 80; Adjt. Mercer, North Bay, 72; Lieut. F. Hayhoe, Soo, Mich., 70; Ensign McNaney, Midland, 70; Mrs. Ensign Ritchie, Soo, Ont., 60.

50 and Over.—Ensign McCann, Capt. Dauberville, New Liskeard; Lieut. Peterson, Burk's Falls; Ensign Hoddinott, Orillia; Capt. A. Jordan, P. S.-M. Miles, Barrie.

Mrs. DeKalb, Soo, Ont., 30; Mrs. Adjt. Mercer, North Bay, 27; Bro. Chasney, Collingwood, 26; Bro. Thompson, Soo, Mich., 20.

### Newfoundland Province.

6 Boomers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sergt. Pynn, St. John's I. | 130 |
| Cadet Vincent, St. John's I. | 111 |
| Cadet Stickland, St. John's I. | 108 |

P. S.-M. Gillingham, Twillingate, 55; Sergt. Harris, St. John's I., 35; P. S.-M. Whitten, St. John's I., 30.

## Promoted to Glory.

### FATHER FISHER GOES TO HIS REWARD.

Soo, Ont.—Truly death has no respector of persons, for during the past few weeks we have stood by the graveside of childhood and womanhood, and now have said good-bye to one of our aged comrades, till we meet him in the morning.

Mr. Seth Fisher, or "Father Fisher," as we called him, passed peacefully away, leaving behind him an undying influence and glorious testimony of God's power to make life worth living and death a triumphant entry into life eternal.

He was converted thirty years ago, and has been a soldier of the Salvation Army since its first days in Canada. Most of his life was spent in Clinton, but during the past three years he was lived with his son at the Soo. Being a long distance from the barracks he was not able to attend the meetings except on Sunday afternoons during the hot weather, he lived to work for God, and often marched when quite feeble to the open-air to tell sinners of God's wonderful love.

We shall miss his fatherly face from our midst, and will often seem to hear his oft-repeated words, "I feel to praise God for His goodness to me."

His last testimony given to Ensign a few days before the end was, "It is all right; Jesus is with me."

At the memorial service in the barracks God's Spirit revealed to many hearts that such a life was the best, but only one decided to live that life.

His remains were taken to Goderich, his old home, for burial, but his spirit has joined the blood-washed over yonder.—Kate W. Ritchie, Ensign.

### FATHER HOCKE, OF LITTLE BAY ISLAND, GONE TO HEAVEN.

Father Hook has been called away from this corps to his heavenly home. He had been a soldier for six years, and was always to be found at his post. His work on earth is now finished. He has fought the fight and is now enjoying sweet rest and wearing the crown that he has so often talked about. While visiting him on his sick-bed and enquiring as to his soul, he would say, "It is well with my soul. I am going to be with Jesus." In all his pain and suffering he was praying for his dear sons, who are still unconverted.

We gave him an Army funeral, at which a great number of people were present, and many were seen to weep as the truths of death, judgment, and eternity were brought vividly home to them. He leaves a wife and six sons behind. May God bless and comfort them in this time of bereavement.

The memorial service was held on Sunday night, when a number of comrades spoke of the life of our brother. It was a time long to be remembered, and at the close of the meeting six young men came and gave themselves to God, one being the youngest son of our departed comrade.—Lieut. Moulton.

### BROTHER PALMER, OF BLENHEIM, ONT.

Our hearts have been overwhelmed with sorrow as we have to report the death of our dear comrade, Brother Palmer. For some time past he had been suffering very much from cancer. He was a true soldier, and fought in the thickest of the fight for some years. When the fight was hard he was to be found at his post, but through his suffering he glorified God and never murmured or complained.

We gave him an Army funeral on Easter Sunday. Adjt. Hyde, assisted by Mr. Shillington, conducted the service in the barracks, when a large number crowded the hall. Many spoke of the life Brother Palmer led. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. May God bless the bereaved ones. His dear wife and children will sorely miss him.

### MRS. JANE TAYLOR, OF JACKSON'S COVE.

At the ripe age of 79 years and 6 months Mrs. Taylor has passed away to be with the Lord. She was a soldier of the cross and a lover of God's people, though never enrolled as a Salvationist. She was always glad to see the Army officers when they came to visit her, always gave them some good, motherly advice. We miss her very much. She was taken ill on the 5th of March and died the next day, suffering much pain. For about twelve hours she was unable to speak, but just before the end came her voice returned, and she asked us to sing the songs and choruses she loved. Lieut. Shears was in the room and helped us sing, and spoke cheering words to her. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Webber. He preached from the words, "Behold I come quickly." We buried her at Three Arms, by the side of her first husband, according to her wish. —Charles Bartlett.

### BROTHER PORTER, OF LISTOWEL.

Sunday, April 8th, was a day marked in the history of Listowel corps. There was many an eye that was dimmed with tears, and many a heart that heaved a sigh of sympathy, as the little band of Salvationists moved slowly through the streets to the emotional strains of, "Shall we gather at the river?" There was no need to ask of any around the meaning of this little gathering. Everybody knew that Charles Porter, better known to us all as Charlie, had passed to the presence of the King. Thus the crowd around had turned out with the little band of soldiers to pay their last tribute of respect to one whose life was worthy of it all. No one could fathom its mysteries. No one could understand, from any human standpoint, the reason that this young, bright life should terminate on earth hardly before attaining his 18th birthday. Yet we gladly leave this decision to a wise Father, Who never errs, and is too good to be unkind. Charlie met with an accident, cutting his hand at the factory where he was employed, which terminated in blood-poisoning. Through the deep and stormy water the pilot has borne him safely through, welcomed home by God to that blest sphere where the wicked cease to trouble and the weary are at rest. Yes, Charlie is gone, and as our Color Sergeant, a brother, and a comrade, will be greatly missed by all. Capt. McLeod conducted the impressive funeral service. A short prayer was offered at the home of our comrade, and then six of the brethren moved forward with the coffin. At the hall a short service was held, and a crowd of about two hundred filed past the coffin to catch a last glimpse of our departed brother. Immediately following was the slow march to the cemetery, where another big crowd awaited us in reverence. The coffin was lowered during the singing of a hymn, and then came a few testimonies from those most intimate with him when on earth.

"Mother," he said, when nearing the last, "don't fret for me. I shall never go to a meeting again, but never mind," and then he would commence and sing, "I'm satisfied with Jesus here."

Nearly all his conscious moments were spent in praying and praising God, and then when sickness seized his frail body the last audible sounds that escaped from his lips were, "In my Father's house are many mansions." He will be missed by all who knew him. Just a week or two previous to his death he had tacked up a warning note in the factory in which he worked, "Get right with God." His workmates sent him a beautiful wreath as a token of respect. Consistency seemed the strongest feature of his life. His love for humanity and his loyalty to the flag of the Army endeared him to the hearts of all.

We are praying at the corps for the upholding of his mother. We are also praying for our corps, and believing that through the promotion of Charlie, whom God thought worthy, the Kingdom of God shall be extended in our midst.—Walter H. Godden.

### Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich at St. Thomas.

We have just concluded one of the finest week-ends in the history of this corps, conducted by Colonel Friedrich. Needless to say, the meetings were of a wonderful character. The fact that they were of a farewell nature made the visit more interesting, and in consequence big crowds were in attendance. On the Saturday evening the band met the Colonel at the station and played him to the citadel, where we had a splendid time and the first soul was captured.

Sunday morning another red-hot time with God, when the Colonel made reference to the great sacrifices of our forefathers in days of yore. Two souls made a full surrender.

"Memories of days gone by," and "A near cut to fortune," were the Colonel's subjects for afternoon and night. They were delivered with great power and without a hitch to large audiences. The night meeting was indeed full of feeling and the Colonel was at his best as he pointed out the dangers of various vices and sins which, instead of giving mankind gain, leads him to ruination. We can record three souls for the week-end, and in saying good-bye to the Colonel we wish him God-speed as he enters his new field of labor and declares the whole truth of God to a perishing world.—Scribe.

## Ensign Colin Campbell's Travels.

**Sussex.** Out of three large boxes I took nearly seven dollars. The box at the Royal Hotel was the champion so far for the Province. Mr. Myers, the proprietor, was so delighted that he gave another dollar, making the amount up to $8.52.

**Moncton.** Splendid crowd to the lantern service. My Agent, Miss McQueen, had left for the Training College, so I was obliged to hustle around and collect the boxes myself. The box in the Brunswick Hotel, though it had been robbed some time ago, was the best in town. The proprietor followed up the theft, and the culprit was sentenced to three months in Dorchester Prison. I succeeded in appointing a new Agent here.

**Campbellton.** The hall was crowded for the lantern service on Saturday night, and I repeated it on Monday. After the service a man sent up a dollar towards the Social Work, making a total of $9 for the town. My Agent, Miss Smith, was again the champion of the District. The Sunday meetings were full of interest, and one sister came out for salvation in the afternoon, and two brothers and a sister at night.

**Newcastle.** I met Capt. Dakin at the station, on his way to councils at St. John. Mrs. Dakin was left behind to have things ready for me. A nice crowd came to the service, and I was able to give Mrs. Dakin a lift with the fare to Clark's Harbor.

**Chatham.** Ensign Greenland was away to councils, but Capt. McLeod had things arranged for me all right. My Agent, Mrs. Britt, did well in her boxes. The Post Office box contained the sum of $2.38.

**Fredericton.** I appointed Bro. Reading Agent here, and the box-money is likely to come up.

**Woodstock.** The Army is doing a good work here, but the great need is a good building. My Agent, Miss Moore, did well.

**St. Stephen.** Things have greatly improved here, quite a number have been converted lately, and a good crowd came to the lantern service.

**Carleton.** A great many have been converted here lately, and are taking their stand in the Army. I had the largest crowd to my service that has ever attended since I have been on this work. My Agent, Mr. Clark, did excellently.

## CHEAP MEALS FOR SELF-DENIAL

(Continued from last week's series.)

**Breadsteak.**—Soak slices of bread in milk; fry in fat, butter, or oil.

**Haggis.**—Place two dessertspoonfuls of fine oatmeal in a saucepan in which one dessertspoonful of fat has been melted and allowed to get brown. Stir five minutes, then pour on a teacupful of boiling water; add seasoning, and eat with bread and butter.

**Stewed Raisins or Figs.**—Take Valencia raisins, wash and pick them, and stew one or two hours in sufficient water to cover them; no sugar; a little lemon-rind for flavoring.

**Oat Cakes.**—Take one pound Scotch oatmeal, pour on to it in a dish a breakfastcupful of boiling water in which a teaspoonful of butter has been melted; mix quickly, roll thinly, cut into pieces, and bake in the oven.

**Bruce Cake.**—One pound wholemeal flour, two ounces butter, six ounces currants and sultanas mixed, four ounces sugar, two tablespoonfuls baking-powder, add spice. Mix flour and baking-powder, add spice and sugar; soften butter and heat to a cream; add fruit. Mix all ingredients with sufficient cold water to a rather stiff consistency; stir well. Flour well, and bake in an enamel about an hour and a quarter.

**Buttermilk Cheese.**—Take a pint of buttermilk, place in an earthenware jar, stand the jar in water—which must be the same height as the buttermilk inside the jar; heat the buttermilk until it reaches 140 degrees, take off at once, strain through muslin, and hang up over night; add salt if desired. Equals in food value six ounces of best lean beef.

**Important Note.**—Anyone suffering from rheumatism, gout, frequent headache, weariness, and langour, would derive immense benefit and relief from adopting these menus and directions. The same applies to dyspepsia and billousness. In such ailments bread should be well toasted and buttered cold. All food should be carefully masticated, and liquids should not be taken when food is in the mouth.—Arthur Broadbent, F.R.H.S.


# Beautiful Spring is Here!

We do not suppose that the patrons of the Trade Department are unaware of the fact, but we find it necessary to remind our friends that the sunny days of Spring are the forerunners of the hotter days of Summer. The hot, sultry months will be upon us, almost before we are aware. How important to be equipped properly for it. How much it means to one's usefulness to be as cool and comfortable as possible. To this end we have endeavored to adapt our stock.

**For Men**

## The New Regulation Shape Straw Cap

IN NAVY BLUE IS LIGHT AND COOL.

Soldiers ..... $1 35 Staff Officers..... $1.75
Field Officers ..... 1.50 Band Caps ..... 1.75

Now only a limited number of these Caps in stock, those wishing to get one should order at once, so as to be delivered in good time.

## New Light-Weight Cloths

SPLENDID MATERIAL, SPECIAL DYE.

Tunics, unlined...$6.50 up. Tunics, lined.....$9.50 up.

## Summer Hats

IN THREE QUALITIES OF STRAW.

Silk Trimmed..... .....$1.75, $2.75, $4.00

## Our New Navy-Blue Lustre

Specially Made, and Extra Dye for Canadian Trade. Delightfully Cool. Looks Like Silk. Very Serviceable. $1.00 per yard.

**For Women**

To complete the outfit get a **Regulation Waterproof.** Red-Lined. Indigo Dye.

Two Qualities, $7.50 and $10.00. Men's and Women's in all sizes.

Send for Samples and Further Information. These Prices apply to Ontario Provinces only.

**Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.**


# MISSING FRIENDS

**To Parents, Relations and Friends:**

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thomas B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

### First Insertion.

5363. ARNOLD, WILLIAM. Came out from Manchester, England, twenty-four years ago; said to have gone to Philadelphia, U.S.A. Brother James enquires.

5365. BAXTER, WILLIAM. Age 44 years, height a little over 5ft., fair hair, blue eyes, coal miner. Last known address, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A. Was seen after this in Chicago. Sister enquires.

5368. LARSEN, CARL. Norwegian or Swedish, dark complexion, height 5ft. 6in., railroad worker. Left Norway in April, 1901. Last heard of in February, 1906. Last known address, Kakabeka. Has scar on his forehead.

5369. McCALLUM, JOHN ROBERT. Age 28, height 5ft. 9in., black hair, dark eyes and complexion. Was last employed as clerk. Last heard of in Parkbeg, Regina P.O.

5370. HALLERMAN, JOSEPH. Left England in May, 1904. Age 30, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes, pale complexion. Last known address, Vancouver, P.O.

5372. RICHARDSON, THOS. EVANS. Came to Canada in March, 1905. Last heard of in Toronto. May have gone to Florida. Age 25, height 5ft. 9in., black hair, grey eyes, pale complexion. Was in business as chemist; also speaks French and Welsh fluently.

5373. MURDOCK, WILLIAM. Age 38, height 5ft. 2in., dark hair, hazel eyes, dark complexion. Came to Canada September, 1905. Last known address, Toronto.

5374. SMART, N. E. Came to Canada four years ago. Last known address, 149 St. Antony St., Montreal. Was last employed as waiter in the Pulman's Railway Co.

### Second Insertion.

5308. ROBERTSON, WILLIAM GRENVILLE (alias William Smith). Age 23 years, height 6ft. 1in., laborer, brown hair, brown eyes. Missing one year. Last known address, Bracondale. Stammers. Butterfly tatooed on left arm, also I. L. A. L., and rings on fingers of left hand.

5335. DYSON, EMMA. Age about 21 years, brown hair, black eyes, dark complexion, domestic servant. Last known address, Norwich, Ont.

5345. SIMS, ROBERT. Age 46 years, height 6ft., dark brown hair, sandy complexion, a gold miner. Missing about nine years. His last known address, Coolgradie. May have gone to the Klondike. He has a large farm in Ireland.

5346. GRIFFIN, ELLIS and WILLIAM JOHN. Left Ireland twenty years ago and have not been heard of since. Last known address, Toronto, Ont.

5348. FOX, WILLIAM. Married, age 33 years, height 5ft. 6in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, cooper. Missing two years, from Edinburgh, Scotland.

5350. THOIN, HERBERT WILLIAM. Age 40 years, height 6ft. 2in., black hair, very dark eyes, sallow complexion. Last known address, Calabogie, Ontario.

5352. JONES, ISABELLA LOUISA, nee Morris. Age 27 years, fair complexion, medium height, blue eyes. Left Kirkland, Wash., U.S.A. Last known address, Portland, Ore, U.S.A.

5353. BURNET, MARIA ELIZABETH. Left England many years ago. Came to Canada with Miss Rye. Went to the Home at Niagara. Last known address, Toronto; was then working for Nottman & Fraser, Picture Gallery.

5303. MILNE, ANDREW LAWRENCE. Age 27 years, height 5ft. 4in., fair hair, sandy moustache, well built, engineer's fitter. Came to Canada three years ago. Worked in Canadian Pacific Railway shops. May have gone to Indianapolis, U.S.A.

5356. LEUTWYLER, ADOLF, from Leimbach, Aragau, Switzerland. Came out in 1873, farmer, has married since and has several children. Speaks German, French, and English.

5358. DOD, EBENEZER. Age 22 years, height 5ft. 10in., brown hair and eyes, clear complexion. Last known address, Arcola, Sask, N.W.T. Missing about seven months.

5359. ALLAN, CHARLES. Telegraph clerk, age 51 years, height 5ft. 3in., auburn hair, brown eyes, fair complexion. Missing since June, 1899. Last known address, 22 Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

5361. BAADSLUND, ERIK WILHELM SORENSEN. Age 22 years. Last known address, Port Arthur, Ont, where he had an Employment Office.

5362. WARREN, GEORGE CLEVELAND. Last heard of in Watertown, N.Y., August, 1897, then 6 years of age, brown hair and eyes. Mother anxious.

# SONGS OF THE WEEK.

## ALL I HAVE IS THINE.

Tunes.—B.J. 88; Evan (N.B.B. 31).

1 And is it so? A gift from me
Dost Thou, dear Lord, request?
Then speak Thy will, whate'er it be.
Obeying, I am blest.

Chorus.

I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
For that great love which made Thee mine;
I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
But all I have is Thine.

And dost Thou ask a gift from me—
The talents I possess?
Such as I have I give to Thee,
That others I may bless.

And dost Thou ask a gift from me—
The gift of passing time?
My hours I'll give, not grudgingly,
I feel by right they're Thine.

## HOW MUCH CAN YOU SUFFER?

Tune.—N.B.B. 240.

2 How much can you suffer for Jesus?
In His service how much can you lose?
At His feet will you still kneel adoring,
And the cross which He gives you refuse?

Chorus.

I dare, Lord, I dare, Lord, I dare do all for Thee.

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
There are plenty His wonders to praise;
Dare you face the legions of hatred,
And His down-trodden banner upraise?

How much can you suffer for Jesus?
For the hate of His cause is the same;
Would you seek to gain by His sufferings,
Whilst shirking a share in His shame?

How much can you suffer for Jesus?
On the way to the crown He will give?
There are cruel deceivers and slanderers;
A life on these terms will you live?

## ACCEPTING THE CROSS.

Tune.—N.B.B. 144.

3 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Though I be despised, forsaken,
Thou henceforth my all may be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Chorus.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour,
Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
And though all men should forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Men may hate and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Men may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

## THE SONG ROUND THE THRONE.

Tune.—N.B.B. 34.

4 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who died on Mount Calvary!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

"Worthy the Lamb that died!" they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessing more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

## SALVATION.

Tune.—N.B.B. 122.

5 Behold! behold the Lamb of God
On the cross!
For He has shed His precious blood
On the cross!
Oh, hear His all-important cry,
"Why perish, blood-bought sinner, why?"
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the cross!

Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
On the cross!
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross!
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth salvation make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross!

And now the mighty deed is done,
On the cross!
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the cross!
To heaven He turns His dying eyes;
"'Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies,
On the cross!

Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross.
Yes; this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross!

## NONE NEED PERISH.

Tune.—N.B.B. 170.

6 Hark! the gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free.
Now, poor sinner,
Look to Him Who died for thee.

Oh, escape to yonder mountain!
Refuge find in Him to-day:
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away,
Do not tarry,
Come to Jesus while you may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish;
All may live, for Christ has died.

## SOLO.

### His Grace Greater!

7 The cross that He gave may be heavy,
But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
The storm that I feared may surround me,
But it ne'er excludes His face.

Chorus.

The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm cannot hide His blessed face;
I am satisfied to know
That with Jesus here below,
I can conquer every foe.

The thorns in my path are not sharper
Than composed His crown for me,
The cup which I drink not more bitter
Than He drank in Gethsemane.

The scorn of my foes may be daring,
For they mocked and mocked my God;
They'll hate me for holy living,
For they crucified my Lord.

The light of His love shines the brighter,
As it falls on paths of woe;
The toil of my work grows lighter,
As I stoop to raise the low.

His will I have joy in fulfilling,
As I am walking in His sight,
My all to the blood I am bringing,
It alone can keep me right.

## SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets, to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as take a kindly interest in girls whose home is outside the city, and are ready to assist them in all possible ways.

## COMING EVENTS.

# Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs

will visit

**Winnipeg, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 12, 13, 14 and 15.**

Sunday, 11 a.m.—Holiness Meeting in the Citadel.

3 p.m.—Great Social Meeting in the Dominion Theatre.

7 p.m.—Salvation. Dominion Theatre.

Monday, 3 p.m.—Opening of the Grace Hospital.

Tuesday, 8 p.m.—The Commissioner will speak on Immigration and Colonization. The Honorable the Premier of Manitoba in the chair. This meeting will be held in the Winnipeg Theatre.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire will accompany.

# The Commissioner

will visit

PALMERSTON ..... Friday, May 4
WALLACEBURG ..... Saturday, May 5
CHATHAM, Opera House ... Sunday, May 6

At the latter place the Lecture on "Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow of the Salvation Army," will be given at 3 p.m. "Shadows of the Cross" at 7 p.m.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire will accompany.

# T. H. Q. Staff Appointments.

## SELF-DENIAL SUNDAY.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin .... Riverdale, May 6
Brigadier Southall ..... Lippincott, May 6
Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Attwell Yorkville, May 6
Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Miller .....
..... Toronto Junction, May 6
Adjt. Owen ..... Dovercourt, May 6
Ensign and Mrs. White .... Lindsay, May 6

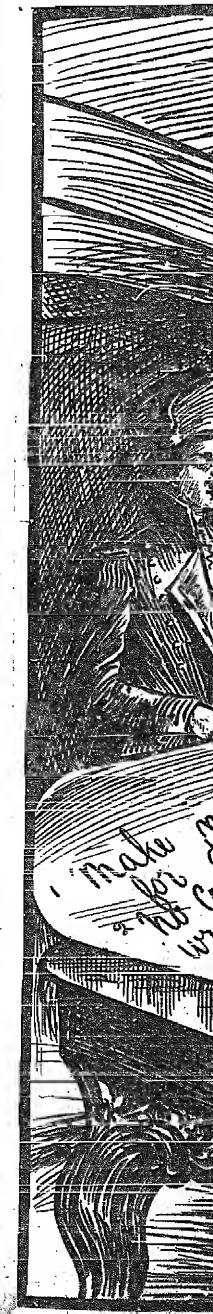
# Winnipeg's Bold Challenges for Self-Denial.

## WHO RESPONDS?

(By Wire.)

Self-Denial challenges. Winnipeg juniors challenge any junior corps in the Dominion; Sergt. Mrs. Chapman's company, any company in the Dominion; Nellie Thompson, any junior in the Dominion; Joe Chapman, any boy in the North-West Province; Lieut. McLennan, any Cadet in Training; Sergt. Wingate, any single female Sergeant in the North-West Province.—Staff-Capt. Coombs.

## ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Esther St.
Toronto Shelter (Women), 62 Farley Ave.
Toronto Shelter (Children), 916 Yonge St.
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.
Hamilton, 13 Mountain Ave. W.
Ottawa, 346 Daly Ave.
Montreal, Que., 460 Seigneurs St.
Montreal Women's Shelter, 69½ St. Antoine St.
St. John, N.B., 36 St. James St.
Halifax, N.S., 48 Gottingen St.
St. John's, Nfld., 28 Crook St.
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 486 Young St.
Calgary, N.W.T.
Vancouver, B.C., 1834 Pender St.

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